# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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## "SEMPER FIDELIS!"

**Such Is the Motto That the Gifted Editor of "The Arena" Places on the Brow of Freedom's Poet, John G. Clark, of California.**

**Other Men Have Fallen by the Wayside in the Long Journey Toward Human Freedom, but Mr. Clark Has Been "Always Faithful."**

The snow of age is on my head,
But eternal Spring is in my heart.
—*Victor Hugo.*

Of the many who enter life strong and enthusiastic in the cause of justice and humanity, only a few persevere to the end, without faltering, if that end be deferred until the snows of age crown the brow. Some centre their energies on a single reform and battle unceasingly for the despised cause, patiently and dauntlessly braving the contumely and persecution of conventionalism. They are usually very fine strung natures; indeed, I think the reformer who battles for the weak and oppressed, is almost always supersensitive; hence, the abuse, the sneers and social ostracism he is compelled to endure for the weak, ignorant and oppressed, whose cause he makes his own, cut into his very soul in a manner little dreamed of by the careless masses. At length, however, the reform is accomplished; the minority becomes the majority, and he who was yesterday denounced as a shallow agitator, and insufferable crank, and an hysterical emotionalist, is hailed as a prophet, hero and sage by that same soulless and shallow conventionalism which scorned him so long as the cause for which he battled was unpopular.

When this hour arrives it carries perils with it for the reformer; it is now so easy to rest on well-earned laurels and enjoy the sweeter melodies of life. The cause is won—nay, not the cause, but one battle in the ceaseless warfare by which man rises to nobler heights; but conventionalism will have it that the cause is won, and often the reformer at this point falls by the wayside, ceasing to be a reformer, although he may continue to utter high, sweet and noble thoughts. The poet Whittier is an example of this class. After the war the despised agitator who for so long had suffered social ostracism, was welcomed into the arms of the conventionalism which had endeavored to slay him. All that was asked of him was that he would rest on his laurels, in so far as aggressive reform work was concerned, and turn his muse to greener and more restful pastures. He naturally hated conflict and loved peace. He chose the velvet, grass-lined banks and rested by the wayside, while Wendell Phillips from the cause of the oppressed black man turned to that of the enslaved white man and dealt giant blows for freedom, justice and progress so long as his silver-toned voice could utter a protest against inhumanity, injustice and oppression.

Another class of reformers become discouraged by the ingratitude and ignorance of those they seek to aid. They find themselves misjudged, misrepresented and maligned by the demagogues who, influenced by the capital of the oppressors or consumed by love of self and petty jealousy, discredit the high, pure unselfishness of single-hearted men and women; and the latter too often, after being made the target for those they would help, become discouraged and lapse into silence; their voices like the powerful guns of a battle ship are stilled, but the spiking is due to traitors on board, rather than to the fire from the enemy.

Still another class who enter life strong, aggressive, brave and determined to consecrate their best energies to the cause of human brotherhood, gradually fall under the spell of conventionalism; the multitudinous disappointments which beset their pathway slowly dampen the ardor which impelled them onward. Hope, courage and determination give way to a painful and oppressive pessimism. The "Locksley Hall" of youth, which is the story of strength, hope and determination, is changed into the "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," which is a tale of despair. This is the saddest of all sights, save that of open betrayal or treachery.

In broad contrast with those who aggressively enter the warfare for eternal justice and human brotherhood, but who becoming tired, disheartened or asphyxiated fall by the wayside, we find a few—a chosen band of lofty spirits—who persevere in the cause until the night comes upon them, and they fall with their armor on, like Victor Hugo, who was a conspicuous representative of this order of nature's royalty. They can exclaim, "The winter is on our heads, but eternal spring is in our hearts." They are prophets—they are more than prophets, for the prophet may only discern the signs of the times and point out the luminous truth he beholds. They are warriors—they are more than warriors, for a warrior may fight for self or in an evil cause. They are heroes—they are more than heroes, for the hero may win glorious victories but afterward rest on his laurels amid the plaudits of an admiring world. They are the servants of progress, the apostles of light, who think only of serving the race, shedding forth the light of justice, dispelling the darkness, and enabling the race to move forward.

Among those who belong to this select band of truly royal souls, who are poets of the people, William Morris, Gerald Massey and our own James G. Clark are inspiring figures which are still among us. Mr. Clark, like Whittier, battled for the emancipation of the black man. With pen and voice he performed valiant service for the slaves, and when the clash of arms came, as poet, composer and singer he became a threefold inspiration in the struggle for liberty and a broader justice. But unlike Whittier, after the war was over this poet refused to lay down his armor; he knew the victory was an incident in the history of progress. The enfranchisement of the negroes was not the only enfranchisement to be accomplished; indeed, the black man had only been freed from one form of slavery; he still remained ignorant, and his soul had never been warmed into life by justice and kindliness. Moreover, the war, while it had broken the chains of chattel slavery, had promoted special privileges, and led to the enactment of class laws as gigantic in character as they were multitudinous in number; these evils, tolerated at first, owing to exigencies of the time, and because the attention of statesmen and patriots was occupied with the immediate life of the Union, carried with them a potential serfdom more far-reaching and essentially tragic than the slavery which had hitherto been recognized in the New World. Far-seeing minds, when the stress of the war was past, beheld in this growing conventionalism, fostered by special privilege, a menace to the rights of individuals, which threated to make the republic what the patricians through the power of wealth made of the ancient commonwealth of Rome—the republican shell, under cover of which the most hopeless oppression flourished. Against the aggressiveness of wealth in the hands of shrewd, cunning and soulless men and corporations Mr. Clark raised his clarion voice, even more eloquent than in the old days when he wrote, composed and sung for freedom and the Union before the black man had been freed. It is difficult to conceive a picture more inspiring than this patriarch of freedom, whose brow is already lighted with the dawn of another lite, fronting the morning with eyes of fire and voice rich, full and clear, now persuasive, now imperious, but never faltering, as he delivers the messages of eternal truth, progress and justice.

I know of no singer of our time to whom the following words, penned by James Russell Lowell in 1844 when writing of Whittier, as so applicable as to the poet we are now considering. By changing the word Whittier to this poet in the following we have a graphic and concise characterization of James G. Clark than it would be possible for me to give:

"A SONG OF THE PERIOD.

"O! were he a bright and cheerful rhyme,
Of our land where the fig tree grows,
And the air is sweet in the New Year time
With the breath of the new-born rose."
This message fell while the engine roared
By the wharf at the city's feet
Where the white-winged birds of trade lay moored
In a vast, unnumbered fleet.

It filled my ears as we moved away,
And the iron wheels moved on
From the noisy town and the sobbing bay
To the wilds of Oregon,—
Where the mountain cloud and the mossy sod
Are kissed by the self-same rills,
And the torrents beat like the pulse of God
In the hearts of the ancient hills.

And I sung of the broad and generous fields
That were fresh with a promise rare;
Of the mother-breast that sweetly yields
All life to the people's prayer.
But my soul grew sad with a minor tone
From the souls of the outcast poor
Who begged for work—and received a stone—
As they tramped o'er the lonely moor.

Then I thought of the land whose faith was sealed
By the blood of the brave and great,
Of the strong, fierce bird and the starry shield
That guarded the halls of state;
But the Eagle watched o'er the idle gold
That was heaped on the rich man's floor,
While the gaunt wolf leered at the toiler's fold
And howled by the poor man's door.

I cannot join the old-time friends
In their merry games and sports
While the pleading wail of the poor ascends
To the Judge of the Upper Courts;
And I cannot sing the glad, free songs
That the world around me sings
While my fellows move in cringing throngs
At the beck of the gilded kings.

The scales hang low from the open skies—
That have weighed them, one and all—
And the fiery letters gleam and rise
O'er the feast in the Palace Hall.
But my lighter lays shall slumber on
The boughs of the willow tree
Till the King is slain in Babylon,
And the captive hosts go free.
—*B. O. Flower, in Arena for September.*


LOW RATE EXCURSIONS

To the West and Northwest.

On Aug. 29, Sept. 10 and 24, 1895, the Northwestern Line will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the West and Northwest at very low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.


## THE IRISH MONKS.

**Their Work as Missionaries on the Continent of Europe—The Irish Element in Mediæval Culture.**

**A Graphic Narrative of Early Christian Endeavor.**

BY M. J. MURPHY.

A recent work on the "History of Ireland from the Reformation up to the period of its union with England," by Dr. Hassenkamp of Leipsic, begins with these words:

"When a semi-barbarous or less cultured nation becomes subject to one more highly cultured, it generally receives as a compensation for the loss of its independence all the advantages and blessings naturally resulting from a higher degree of civilization. But a new condition of things was produced in Ireland through English rule; instead of arousing in the Irish mind a love and appreciation of English culture by the exercise of a moderate and conciliatory policy, calculated to lead up to a gradual and harmonious blending of the two races, victor and vanquished, the English managed, through a mistaken and blundering policy, as well as by intentional oppression and persecution, to bring about such a condition of affairs in Ireland that, in the first place, the social status of the Celtic sank lower and lower, while, on the other hand, the tender germ of native culture was nipped in the bud, or failed of proper development from want of nourishment, and degenerated in quality."

These words explain the prevailing views of the present so-called cultivated circles of England. They hold that at the time of the "conquest" of Ireland by England (1171), the former was, according to the ideas of the time, a half savage country in its relations to and compared with its conquerors in point of culture, and that its people obstinately set themselves in opposition to the blessings and advantages brought them by their more highly civilized rulers. Hence the hardest and cruelest measures that were laid upon Ireland and its people during the ages of English domination receive a sort of an extenuation or justification. But the very fact that such views as these are entertained by England, weighs more heavily upon Ireland today than all her political and social ills; she rebels because England, not satisfied with stripping her of every present benefit, would even rob her of the consolation in her existing wretchedness, to be derived from looking back with pride over a glorious past. Ireland can indeed lay claim to a great past; she can not only boast of having been the birthplace and abode of high culture in the fifth and sixth centuries, at a time when the Roman Empire was being undermined by the alliances and inroads of German tribes, which threatened to sink the whole continent into barbarism, but also of having made strenuous efforts in the seventh and up to tenth centuries to spread her learning among the German and Roman peoples, thus forming the actual foundation of our present continental civilization.

We live in a time when the civilization of the Occident, although drawing its origin from antiquity, and building itself up from its ruins, has established for itself a degree of independence destined to increase with every decade. However opinions may differ as to the degree of real progress reached by our present civilization, or as to its methods, or in regard to the question of the place which positive Christianity actually holds in it,—in respect to the past, all thinking minds will unanimously agree upon two points: that in those centuries of the Middle Ages mentioned above, it was Christianity that first carried civilization into tribes of barbarians (even according to Littre, who is one of the strongest adversaries of Christian philosophy of our age); and that it was the monks who, during that period, held firmly to the Church, and were its pioneers and defenders. Therefore we find that it was at the time when Christian civilization and ideas were commingled with the ancient, with deep respect for classical antiquity as a standard, that mediæval culture reached its highest perfection. Hence a greater or lesser knowledge of classical literature, particularly of the Grecian, was considered as a proof and measure of the culture of a single individual, as well as of the entire age.

In order to clearly understand and realize the significance of the Irish element in mediæval culture, and the part which the Irish can possibly claim toward the civilization of German and Roman tribes, we must dwell a little upon the condition of the West before this period.

In the middle of the second century Christianity already formed an element in Roman civilization, and spread to the remotest provinces of the empire, principally through their increased intercourse with each other, and especially by means of the campaigns of the Roman legions, even as far as the banks of the Rhine and into Britain, in spite of their being as yet no special missionaries to those countries. In the course of the third century it spread still farther, and in the beginning of the fourth it was decidedly flourishing in Gaul and on the Rhine and Danube, as well as in Britain, bishoprics being founded at Cologne, Treves and Mayence. In the second half of the fourth century, Ausonius, the greatest Roman poet of the age, produced his enthusiastic description of the valley of the Moselle, while Arbogast the younger, who had command of the garrison at Treves during the incursions of various wandering tribes, was esteemed by Sidonius a model of the highest Roman culture in that region.

The German tribes from the Rhine and the Danube were now being gradually brought under the sway of Greek and Roman civilization through the medium of Christianity. But the internal dissolution of the Roman empire and the fresh incursions of savage tribes soon put a stop to all this. In the year 406, hordes of Vandals from the Upper Rhine invaded Gaul, ancient Germany and Burgundy, and settled on the left bank of the Rhine, while the Huns under Attila made inroads on these, and the Franks from the Lower Rhine burst into Gaul, making an end of Roman rule in that country. The Angles and Saxons had taken possession of Britain before this, and what remained of Roman civilization in Upper Italy under the Heruli and Ostrogoths was destroyed by the Langobards and their allies. The German barbarians thus ruined and blotted out the work of several centuries. So vanished in the sixth century the last remains of Roman culture which had lingered on at various points, particularly in Southern Gaul.

Professor Zimmer, a noted German philologist and antiquarian, has for many years been identified with Irish archæological science and has been one of the warmest advocates of the preservation of the Irish language in Europe. Occupying a Celtic chair in a prominent German university, the philological researches of Prof. Zimmer have been conducted on an extensive scale, and his work has done much to infuse an enthusiastic spirit into the Gælic scholars of Ireland. He was one of the authorities whose declaration that Macpherson's Ossian was a forgery, helped to settle that matter, and his contributions to Gælic literature from time to time have been greatly esteemed for their scholarship and profound depth of learning. In the *Preussische Jahrbuecher* for January, 1887, a magnificent article from his pen was published under the title of "The Irish Element in Mediæval Art." The *Nation*, in referring to it, said:

"We should have called our readers' attention long ago to this remarkable paper, which treats of the part played by the Irish element in mediæval culture. It deals with known facts of ecclesiastical history, and gives a most graphic picture of the successive groups of Irish missionary monks, their labors in France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany, their strength and their weaknesses. The author's style is clearness itself; his grouping and illumination of cardinal facts and features are masterly. We cannot attempt to condense what is already so concise. We can only express the wish that the paper may be translated into English. Nowhere else will the reader find such a trustworthy statement of what the Irish accomplished in the early Middle Ages."

The enthusiastic interest expressed by the late John Boyle O'Reilly, who, himself, offered to write an introductory chapter to the English translation of Zimmer's work was the principal incentive to the translation of it by Mrs. Jane Loring Edmands, an American lady of culture and of great linguistic ability. Her work in translating consisted not merely in changing the subject from German to English, but in carefully editing the work. Foot notes are continuous throughout the book, giving extracts from the works of various Irish antiquarians which serve to illustrate Professor Zimmer's text by greater detail, by description of ancient chirography and illumination of the antique missals now in European museums, and by historical anecdotes relating to Columbanus, St. Gall and others. This part of the work lends an additional value to Zimmer's paper almost equal to its own, and much of it is certainly of as great interest. She will be heartily joined by all in her regret that that Mr. O'Reilly's sudden death prevented him from writing the introduction.

Professor Zimmer's work gives a general review of the condition of Europe up to the sixth and seventh centuries, and then goes on as follows:

"While on the mainland and in Britain, budding Christianity and the germs of Western culture, such as it was, were effectually trodden under foot by various hordes of Vandals, Allemanni, Huns, Franks, Heruli, Langobards, Angles and Saxons, and the Merovingian kingdom sank lower and lower—when universal crudeness and depravity seemed to have gained the upper hand, and the entire West threatened to sink hopelessly into barbarism, the Irish established several seminaries of learning in their own country, Bangor and Armagh in Ulster, Clonmacnois, near the boundaries of Connaught and Leinster, and Lismore in the South were, at the end of the sixth century, the most prominent and flourishing monasteries in Ireland."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)


CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*


## OFFICIAL CALL

**For the Convention of the New Irish Movement to be Held in Chicago Sept. 24, 25 and 26, 1895.**

**Signatures Attached to the Document.**

HEADQUARTERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT, McCOY'S HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 31, 1895.—*To the Irish-American Citizens of the United States—Friends and Brethren:* The Irish struggle for freedom has reached a momentous period. Ireland, abandoned in the crisis of her fate by the Liberal leaders, is told by the Tory secretary to the Lord Lieutenant that the British government is sternly and unalterably opposed to the granting of any measure of home rule whatever. This is the old policy and the old language employed by successive English governments toward Ireland. She has been alternately betrayed by the Whigs and dragooned by the Tories. Nothing worth her acceptance is to be expected from either of the leading English parties.

Ireland must, therefore, look to her own children and their descendants for support in her great extremity. Parliamentary agitation has had a long and patient trial, but has utterly failed to accomplish its object. It remains for us to consider what other method of procedure or argument can be used to achieve her liberation. The Irish race in America cannot afford to be neutral, or supine, while the motherland is being slowly but surely done to death by the usurping enactments of a foreign and hostile power. In unison with thousands of our race distributed throughout the Union, and after mature deliberation, we, the undersigned, have decided to call a convention of Irish Americans in the city of Chicago to take into consideration the present status of the Irish struggle for freedom, and to devise ways and means best suited to the accomplishment of Ireland's independence.

Now, therefore, said convention is called to meet in the city of Chicago, Ill., at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24, 25 and 26, 1895, the first session thereof to open at 10 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 24.

The qualifications for membership in the convention are agreed upon as follows: All Irish-American military, benevolent, athletic, social, religious and literary organizations that favor the independence of Ireland, and are willing to aid her righteous struggle for liberty, are invited to send delegates to the convention of the New Irish Movement, apportioned in the following manner: One delegate for every fifty members, and one additional for any fraction over fifty; two delegates for every hundred members, and one additional for any fraction over one hundred, and so in proportion.

Individual Irish-Americans, of sound patriotic repute, who indorse the object of the New Movement, and who are willing to give it their aid, will be, on recommendation of the secretary and the indorsement of the committee on credentials, admitted to the privileges of the floor.

All societies eligible under this call are requested to elect their delegates immediately.

Signed, on behalf of our associates in the movement.

John F. Finerty, Acting President, Chicago, Ill.
John P. Sutton, Acting Secretary, 51 West Thirteenth street, New York.
William Lyman, Acting Treasurer, New York City.
John J. O'Connell, Chairman Executive Committee, Chicago, Ill.
John T. Keating, Secretary Executive Committee, M'Coy's Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
John J. Mahony, Lawrence Heney, Francis Agnew, P. V. Fitzpatrick, W. H. Joyce, L. R. Buckley, James C. Strain, William McCoy, Martin Mulcahy, J. J. Gubbins, Chicago, Ill.
M. D. Gallagher, M. J. Langan, John D. Carroll, New York.
Maurice F. Wilbere, Patrick O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa.
O'Neill Ryan, Andrew Hoolan, J. J O'Connor, St. Louis, Mo.
M. Cooney, M. C. O'Toole, San Francisco, Cal.
John Fitzpatrick, T. Moroney, New Orleans, La.
William J. Gleason, Patrick Smith, Cleveland, O.
James Killelea, M. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.
C. T. Driscoll, David Callaghan, New Haven, Conn.
Patrick T. Moran, Washington, D.C.
T. A. E. Weadock, M. J. Murphy, Bay City, Mich.
O'Brien J. Atkinson, Fort Gratiot, Mich.
Thomas Greevy, John O'Toole, S. M. Hoyar, Altoona, Pa.
Christopher A. Gallagher, Minneapolis, Minn.
Maurice Donnelly, Indianapolis, Ind.
Thomas J. Dundon, Columbus, O.
John H. Vaughan, West Superior, Wis.
John Guthrie, Wilmington, Del.
Michael Mangan, Fond du Lac, Wis.
John M. Leonard, Fall River, Mass.
P. J. Judge, Holyoke, Mass.
James Ryan, Bernard Curtin, Lynn Mass.
Daniel McGlynn, Thomas Hanifan, East St. Louis, Ill.
Michael F. Lyons, John Murray, Michael J. Bruin, John J. O'Brien, Lowell, Mass.
T. A. McCarthy, W. T. Fitzgerald, Nashua, N.H.
John M. McMahon, John Groves, P. C. Heafy, Omaha, Neb.
John Fitzgerald, John Downs, Thomas Bulger, Peoria, Ill.
William A. Ryan, John R. Collins, T. H. O'Neill, Boston, Mass.
John W. Whalen, John Taafe, W. J. Hanley, Con. Moloney, D. D. O'Gorman, St. Louis, Mo.
J. P. Sweeney, W. K. Fitzgerald, Seattle, Wash.
Hugh McGraw, John McNally, Myles Byrne, Fall River, Mass.
W. M. Kelly, Hugh Daly, Garret Kirby, Dennis Shea, James Barry, Anaconda, Mont.
Daniel Fallon, John J. Gardner, Elizabeth, N.J.
Daniel Hannon, Patrick Hyland, Daniel Egan, South Omaha, Neb.
William Fitzgerald, R. D. Lee, John Walsh, Memphis, Tenn.
M. E. Sullivan, James Cassidy, James Hennessy, Danbury, Conn.
John J. Sullivan, P. T. Crowley, Jeremiah Hays, Fitchburg, Mass.
Dennis Sweeney, Joseph Cunningham, D. F. Maguire, Essex County, Mass.
William Whelan, M. B. Roseman, John Jones, Colorado Springs, Colo.
A. J. Long, M. J. Carroll, John M. Daly, Bibb County, Ga.
And many others.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

[*Irish Standard, Sept. 7.*]

No sooner was the idea formulated that it was necessary for the Irishmen of America to meet each other and arrange some plan for Ireland's benefit then a note of warning went up from some sections that the proposed meeting should be looked upon with a wary eye. It was further said that the convention of Irishmen was for the purpose of furthering the political ambition of a few, and that Ireland's necessities would be lost sight of in the scramble for personal advancement. The whole movement, it had been said, was never intended to be in the interests of Ireland, and if the unfortunate condition of the old land should be alluded to in discussion that it would be done merely as a cloak to cover up the real intention of the gathering.

Such an unjust sentiment might have been expected from the enemies of Ireland, or, at least, those who are indifferent as to her welfare, but that such sentiments should come from those who are themselves battling for Ireland's freedom is almost incredible. There is a possibility that the New Movement may be turned into such a channel, that some one may receive a benefit, but while there is a possibility there is not even a suggestion of a probability. From the list of names attached to the call it would be hard to believe that the movement was prompted by selfish motives, and until some evidence of that suggestion arises the idea should be frowned upon to the utmost. There is work for this New Movement to do; work that should have been long ago performed. What course of action will be adopted is not known. The signers of the call do not know themselves. The idea of holding the convention is to devise the best plan of procedure. Each delegate will be at liberty to offer any suggestion he may see fit and offer all the arguments he may desire in support of his theory or position. In this way the sentiments of all can be learned and it is thought finally crystalized into one definite plan. Even if no plan were arrived at in the coming convention it could not fail to work an incalculable good. It would be the first great step in America for redressing the wrongs of the native land. It would show to the people who are struggling there that the greater Ireland in the newer land was not unmindful of the needs of those they or their fathers left behind. It would show to England that Ireland has, in America at least, a moral support that should be given more than a passing consideration, and it would also show that that moral support might be turned into a dangerously active one at a time when least expected. Considerations such as these cannot help but flow from the coming convention, even if nothing more tangible is evolved from it. It will be watched with the keenest interest, and its deliberations will, no doubt, receive the heartiest encouragement.


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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Harvest Excursions

will be run by the Burlington Route on Sept. 10 and Sept. 24, from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and other points on the line to the farming regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Very low round trip rates will be in effect. For folder giving details, or for land pamphlets, apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R.R., Chicago.

# IN LINE ONCE MORE.

AGAIN THE UNION BOYS MARCH TO UNION MUSIC.

**Ovation Given Commander-in-Chief Lawler—Some Notable People Who Were on the Reviewing Stand—Grand Campfire at Night.**

LOUISVILLE, Sept 12.—Yesterday at the G. A. R. encampment was "the day we celebrate." There is no doubt about that. It has been the same at every encampment—the day of the parade was The day. The old soldiers, many of them grizzled and gray, travel hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of miles for the privilege of marching for an hour or so to the "music of the Union." The fact that there was going to be—and was—a new feature in yesterday's parade, brought thousands to Louisville who would not otherwise have come. That new feature was that ex-Confederates would do a big portion of the cheering of the line as it marched.

A feature that was not looked for but was a feature nevertheless, was that the procession started on time to the minute. The procession was headed by members of the Louisville Legion and the civilian committees which have had charge of the arrangements, and immediately after these was Columbia Post, of Chicago, escorting Commander-in-chief Lawler. When the white caps of the escorting Columbia Post loomed up the multitudes on the platforms and along the streets opened the chorus of cheers for Commander Lawler and kept up the cheering as the posts of the different departments passed the stands and street inter sections.

**Viewed by Half a Million People.**

The parade was witnessed by 500,000 people, who lined the sidewalks, windows and roofs along the line of march. In accordance with the resolution adopted last year by the council of administration the route of march was limited to twenty-six squares, or a distance of two miles and a quarter, complaints having been made that the routes heretofore chosen were too long for the veterans, who are yearly getting more feeble and less able to stand a long march in the heat of the day. The early morning trains from interior points of the state, as well as from Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, brought tens of thousands of spectators, and these, added to the hundreds of thousands already in the city, made the central streets well-high impassable. Ample police arragements, however, had been made, the roadway over which the parade was to pass had been roped off and altogether the arrangements for the proper movement of the parade were admirable.

**On the Reviewing Stand.**

When the commander-in-chief reached the front of the reviewing stand he and his staff dropped out of line and took their positions on the stand. With the commander on the stand were: Senior Vice Commander Burchfield, Governor Brown, and Commander Fairchild, of the Loyal Legion. Among the prominent people on the stand were J. Warren Keifer, ex-speaker of the house of representatives and past senior commander; General George O. Steel, ex-governor of Oklahoma and superintendent of the national soldiers' home at Marion, Ind.; D. B. Henderson, of Iowa; Corporal Tanner, ex-commissioner of pensions; General J. B. Henderson, past department commander of Indiana; Colonel W. W. Dudley, ex-commissioner of pensions and past commander of Indiana; W. R. Holloway, Indianapolis; Captain Frank Palmer, ex-public printer, Chicago, and Justice John M. Harlan, of Washington.

Besides there were numerous ladies and ex-commanders, while in the parade were: Ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio; ex-Postmaster Sexton, of Chicago; General H. S. Clare, D. P. C., of Mattoon; Major E. A. Blodgett, of Chicago; Major H. H. McDowell, of Pontiac, and Colonel L. E. McPherson, all of Illinois.

The veterans closed the day's doings with campfires last night, the most important of which was the one at the Music hall, which was attended by 4,000 old soldiers. The campfire opened with "Marching Through Georgia," played by a military band. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, then made the welcome address in behalf of the citizens' committee.

**Prostrated by Heat.**

The thermometer stood at 96 in the shade and there were a number of prostrations from the heat, and a few accidents. The horse on which Captain C. E. Nordstrom, of the Tenth United States cavalry, was mounted, slipped and fell, pinning Captain Nordstrom's left leg under him. The ambulance corps was called and Captain Nordstrom was taken to his home. Upon examination it was found that his leg was broken. Lieutenant Colonel Belknap in trying to mount his horse was kicked by the animal, which suddenly turned upon him. He was knocked to the ground, but his injuries are slight.

One of the most serious cases of prostration at the hospital is that of William Janecke, commander of the department of Missouri; William Turner, of the Soldiers home, at Dayton, was also seriously prostrated. Other prostrations were: John Thomas, member of a Michigan post, fell and cut a deep gash in his head; J. H. Perchell, vice adjutant of the department of Missouri, fell from exhaustion; William R. Gill, vice commander of the department of the Potomac, from exhaustion; also Henry B. Owen, of the Philadelphia Old Guard; Colonel Gerthart of Pittsburg; A. J. Dixon, of Dayton, E. S. Herbert, of Springfield, Mass.

Many who were viewing the parade fell from heat prostration and the hospitals are well filled. The parade was over four hours in passing a given point and the boys were marching over five hours. Barring the awful explosion of the caisson of the cannon that was to fire the sunrise salute the parade was a great success.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 13.—The thirtieth national encampment of the G. A. R. will be held in St. Paul in 1896, with Colonel I. N. Walker, of Indianapolis, as commander-in-chief. The encampment proper the Woman's Relief Corps and the Ladies' Circle all began their proceedings at 10 a. m., and kept in session all day. The gentlemen of the encampment almost completed their work, while the ladies of the two auxiliaries did not get much done.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 14.—So far as the veterans are concerned the twenty-ninth annual encampment closed last night with as many attractions as on any other night of the week. The ladies, however, continue in session today. Yesterday there were over 70,000 at the old Kentucky barbecue, and last night the campfires were largely attended, with the principal events at Music hall, Phœnix Hill garden, and National park. Among the speakers were Generals Gordon, Buckner, J. W. Burke, Cassius M. Clay, Senator Burrows, and Colonels M. D. Wickersham, Samuel McKee, H. C. Russell, John H. Leathers and others. The veterans remain longer than usual this week, as many are going to other army events further south, and to the Atlanta exposition. General Lawler and staff leave tomorrow night to spend the first part of the week at the national encampment of the Sons of Veterans, and the last of the week at Chattanooga and the Chickamauga battlefield.

The Clark injunction was dissolved yesterday afternoon and the Woman's Relief Corps proceeded with its business.

The ladies of the G. A. R. elected Mrs. Catherine Hirst, of Kentucky, president, and the Women's Relief Corps chose Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, of Massachusetts.

## DEATH SALUTED.

**Frightful Caisson Explosion in the Street at Louisville.**

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 12.—By the explosion of a caisson belonging to Battery A, of the Kentucky artillery, at 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning, seven members of the company were instantly killed and two were wounded so badly that their recovery is doubtful. Battery A is one of the crack military organizations of the state, and the killed and injured—except the colored driver—were connected with the first families of Kentucky. The killed are: Corporal Al Robinson, Private Charles Oestrich, Private Charles Woods, Private McBride, Private Hutchins, Private Haward Irwin and Driver William Adams (colored). The wounded are: Fred Cohn, eyes and face badly burned, and William Hobbs.

The unfortunate militiamen who were in charge of the gun and caisson were literally torn to fragments. The mangled body of one man was found on the steps of a house 300 feet away. Limbs severed from the body, portions of humam remains and blood stained shreds of clothing were scattered all over the neighborhood. Shattered, disjointed legs and arms were carried over three-story buildings. For the moment following the explosion there was an actual rain of human bood and mangled human flesh. So utterly were some of the bodies removed from the semblance of human shape that it was necessary to collect the bleeding fragments with shovels and say, after casting the unrecognizable mass into a receptacle. "This was a man."

The cause of the explosion has not yet been ascertained. The battery was just starting from its encampment for Phœnix Hill, where it was intended to fire a salute of forty-four guns. The order to march had just been given by Captain Castleman. The men were all in their places, when suddenly a fearful roar and blinding flash told that something awful had happened. The soldiers with the gun never knew of the accident. To them death came in horrible form before their senses could realize what had befallen. Privates Cohn and Hobbs were found some distance from the fragments that remained of the caisson. Cohn was in a fearful plight. The whole side of his face and head had been blown away, and that he retained life was wonderful.

The accident has saddened many a home in Louisville and brought a deeply tragic note into the celebrations being held in honor of the Grand Army people. The accident occurred on Broadway, between Third and Fourth streets. All around were the residences of some of the best-known people in Louisville. The streets were almost deserted, owing to the hour. Had the explosion happened an hour later the list of the killed and injured would be appalling. The caisson which exploded contained sixty-six pounds of powder in cartridges, and the force of the concussion was terrific. For many blocks around the houses were shaken to their fouudations and hundreds of windows were blown to atoms.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 13.—While 100,000 people were watching the fireworks along the river front at 10 o'clock at night a portion of the grand stand on which were seated at least 10,000 people gave way and many were injured. No fatalities have been reported.

## THE CUP STAYS HERE.

**Dunraven Refuses to Sail the Third Race, Defender Going Alone.**

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—The international series between the Defender and the Valkyrie for the America's cup is ended. On the whole it was an extraordinary series, and while the result is satisfactory to the American people, two at least of the contests that went to make up the match were not. The Defender won in a clean race on Saturday; on Tuesday last she crossed the line behind the English boat, but was awarded the race on a foul; yesterday she had a walk-over. 'And yesterday's occurrence was all the more unfortunate, not only because a great crowd had gathered to witness the struggle, but because the weather conditions were such as to lead many to suppose that of all days the Valkyrie would be in her element. But Lord Dunraven had said Wednesday night—and he said it most emphatically—that he would withdraw his boat on the morrow, if an absolutely clear course was not provided.

He claimed that during the previous race his boat had been greatly interfered with, and as everything depended upon the outcome of the third race he adhered to that decision so closely that the Valkyrie merely crossed the starting line and then retired from the contest. The Defender, who was well in advance when the handicap gun was fired, continued on her journey and went over the course well within the time limit.

By her three straight victories the Defender retains the historic cup for America.

## SIX PERSONS KILLED ON THE RAIL.

**The Deadly Grade Crossing Adds Some More Victims to Its List.**

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 17.—Six persons were killed as a result of a railroad crossing accident at Lawyer's Station, eleven miles below here. A vehicle containing six persons, supposed to be Joseph Callahan, of Rustburg, Campbell county, Va.; two women, a girl of about 16, and two small children, was crossing the tracks of the Southern railway, when it was struck by the engine of a south-bound passenger train. Five of the occupants of the vehicle were killed outright and the young girl was so severely injured that she died shortly afterwards.

## CRITICISED BY A COLORED MAN.

**A Whisky Concession Granted by the Atlanta Exposition Managers.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—J. E. Johnson, secretary of the Atlanta exposition commission for the colored people of the District of Columbia, has written an open letter to the exposition authorities in Atlanta, protesting against the granting of a concession for the sale of cheap whisky in the negroes building at the exposition. Johnson says in part: "The entire commission having in charge the exhibit of the colored people from the city of Washington are surprised and chagrined to learn that after all of its work to procure for your exposition a good display the articles collected must be placed in an exposition groggery.

"The whole management must have known that where you crowd togethes—as it is hoped to do at Atlanta—thousands of colored people of all classes in a cheap bar room trouble is bound to ensue, perhaps in the shape of murder, or lynching. If this concession must stand then you ought not to expect the white and colored press of the country to induce our people to go to the exposition. On the contrary every respectable and influential newspaper will vigorously advise the colored people to remain away."

## IS QUEEN LIL FREE?

**It Is Rumored That She Is No Longer in Prison.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16.—Charles Creighton, ex-attorney general of Hawaii under Queen Liliuokalani, who was imprisoned by the provisional government and subsequently exiled, is now at liberty to return to Hawaii. He exhibited a document dated Honolulu, Sept. 5 (the day the Australia left), and signed by Francis M. Hatch, minister of foreign affairs, saying:

"This is to certify that Charles Creighton is permitted to return to the Hawaiian islands."

The pardon was unconditional. Creighton said further: "I have positive information that leads me to believe that ex-Queen Liliuokalani was pardoned on the afternoon of Sept. 5, just after the steamer left. We will know definitely upon the arrival of the Rio Janeiro. But I haven't a doubt that the queen is now no longer a prisoner in the palace, but at liberty to go wherever she may please."

## CONDITION OF THE ODD FELLOWS.

**Points From the Report of the Secretary at the Sovereign Grand Lodge.**

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 17.—At the meeting of the sovereign grand lodge I. O. O. F., which is in session here, the secretary reported as follows: Total number of grand lodges, 56, a gain of 1; total number of grand encampments, 59; total subordinate lodges, 10,532, a gain of 297; supordinate encampments, 3,610, a gain of 53; Rebekah lodges, 3,627, a gain of 335; lodge initiations, 63,845; encampment initiations, 9,407; total lodge members, 790,-795; encampment members, 134,330; Rebekah members, 225,159.

Total relief paid, $3,223,811.96; total revenue, $8,427,870.53. The report gives some interesting statistics of the order from its inauguration in North America in 1830 up to Dec. 31, 1894, including Germany, Denmark, Switzerland and Australia. The initiations in subordinate lodges were 2,012,848; total relief paid, $27,-838,670.47; total receipts, $176,786,903.60.

## ARE PENSIONS VESTED RIGHTS?

**A Question Commander-in-Chief Walker Will Proceed to Have Decided.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 16.—Commander-in-chief Walker, of the G. A. R., when asked as to his intention of taking measures toward the institution of a test case to establish the claim that a pension is a vested right said that he would do so as early as possible.

"There is no question in my mind," he said, "that the courts will hold that a pension is a vested right when the matter is brought to their attention, and it is my intention to proceed at once toward the institution of a test case in order to secure a ruling. The suit will be brought in the federal courts, of course, and as soon as possible. First, however, I shall have to consult with the council of administration, and the details of the suit must be settled after they and I have met. This will take some time, but the matter will be rushed as rapidly as possible."

## NOT ORIGINAL WITH LINCOLN.

**A Famous Phrase That He Borrowed from Henry Wilson, as Alleged.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—In a letter to a local newspaper, William E. Nott, an old journalist who was once the intimate friend of Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, protests against the proposed spreading of Lincoln's Gettysburg oration on a bronze tablet to be erected on the Gettysburg battlefield without the use of quotation marks. Nott contends that the now famous phrase "A government of the people, by the people and for the people" was not original with Lincoln, and says it first occurred in a letter written by Henry Wilson to James Redpath and others Nov. 27, 1860.

**Five Men Hurt at Chicago.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—Philip Greenhoff, Philip Peppin and William Reddick, members of a fire insurance patrol, were severely injured while running to a fire by the overturning of their wagon, and Michael Canty and John J. Doyle, firemen, were severely hurt at a small fire, the latter being in a critical condition.

## THE DEATH RECORD.

GEORGE DRINKWATER, one of the charter members of the Chicago board of trade, at Chicago.

JOHN BELS, prominent banker, at Atchison, Kan.

HENRY M. BATTLES, veteran of the late war, at Coldwater, Mich.

Brother THOMAS O'NEILL, S. J., prominent educator, at Chicago.

Rev. Dr. SAMUEL WAKEFIELD, veteran Methodist minister, at Pittsburg.

Dr. CHARLES H. HALL, rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal church, at Brooklyn.

Captain ALBERT T. SPENCER, veteran steamboat man, at Waukegan, Ills.

JAMES OTIS, wealthy real estate holder, at Chicago.

WARREN WOODRUFF, old settler of Rockford, Ills.

JOHN M. BUTLER, one of the leading lawyers of Indiana, at New York.

Professor WILLIAM H. GIBBS, at Clinton, Ia.

Colonel JOHN WARREN, a leader of the Fenian movement, at Boston, Mass.

Dr. F. B. HALLER, prominent physician of Vandalia, Ills.

# THE PRAIRIE STATE.

## NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

**Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.**

GALESBURG, Ills., Sept. 12.—The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad sustained the worst wreck it had for years, just east of Alton. A westbound train broke in two and as the front part slowed up at a water tank the rear part ran into it, causing a car of naphtha to ignite. There were twelve cars of naphtha and petroleum in the train and all were soon burning. The flames shot up hundreds of feet.

Three cars exploded with tremendous force. The house of Thomas Craver, near by, was set on fire and destroyed and Mr. and Mrs. Craver barely escaped with their lives. Samuel Welch, twenty rods distant, a village fireman, was covered with burning oil and burned to death. Other firemen were badly, but not fatally burned.

The loss to the railroad company is $12,-000. Houses a quarter of a mile away were scorched by burning oil. C. O. Carlson, locomotive fireman, was thrown from a tank and injured about the head. Oil cars are strewn along the track for half a mile, the track is twisted, telegraph poles are down, ties burned, trees blasted and the whole scene is one of ruin.

## CAN LOOT COMPANY STORES AD LIB.

**Decision of a Princeton, Ills., Jury—Case Goes to the Higher Courts.**

PRINCETON, Sept. 16.—The Spring Valley Coal company, which claimed to have been damaged $16,380 by the looting of its general merchandise store during the strikes last year, must stand the loss and not the city of Spring Valley. Such was the verdict of a jury rendered in the circuit court here. This is the first case of the kind in Illinois.

Other suits in Spring Valley and Ladd, involving many thousand dollars, will be governed by the results in the higher courts. The jury, one of the jurors says, believed the four armed men in the store failed in their duty by not firing on the mob, and also that the coal company was partly responsible for the trouble because of the class of non-English-speaking miners in its employ.

**Pullman-Oglesby Engagement.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—The engagement of Miss Felicite Oglesby, the youngest daughter of ex-Governor Richard Oglesby, to George M. Pullman, Jr., is announced. Miss Oglesby was the guest of Miss Florence Pullman at Long Branch this summer. Mr. Pullman first met the lady he is to marry last July at the Pullman cottage while at Long Branch. Miss Oglesby returned from the east the last of August, and is now at the family house in Elkhart, Ills. Mr. Pullman has been managing his father's business several years in New York.

**Investigating Legislative Boodlery.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 17.—The taking of testimony regarding the charges of boodling against members of the Thirty-ninth general assembly was commenced by the Sangamon county grand jury yesterday afternoon. Captain D. H. Harts, a prominent lawyer of Lincoln and a recent Prohibition candidate for governor, appeared before the grand jury and stated that a party whose name he gave had informed him that between $2,000 and $6,000 had been paid out to secure the passage of the mechanics' lien law.

**No Light Fantastic for Methodists.**

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., Sept. 17.—There was a lively time in the Methodist conference on the subject of dancing. W. H. Webster said that when he was in the general confrence he had voted to retain the disciplinary law forbidding members of the church to trip the light fantastic toe, and asked that the conference here sanction that action. There were a few who might have liked to protest, but they were so dreadfully in the minority that they were not heard and the vote went through with a whirl.

**Illinois Mine Examiners in Session.**

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 12.—The state board of mine examiners met here. J. M. Browning, of Duquoin, was elected president, and B. Deshon, of Murphysboro, secretary. The annual examination for seven state mine inspectors is in progress today. The board will hold examinations for mine managers and hoisting engineers at Peoria, Oct. 27, and East St. Louis, Nov. 16.

**State Notes.**

Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, has appointed Isaac Jackson, of Chicago, delegate to the National Irrigation Congress at Albuquerque, N. M., 15th and 16th inst.

Fourteen expulsions from the Peoria, Ills., high school will result from the school board investigation of recent hazing. Parents of the pupils subjected to the hazing raised a protest against the practice.

Isaac Elliott, a well-to-do farmer, was declared insane at Fairbury, Ills. The cause of his insanity is the fact that he had several crops of corn on hand for which he could have gotten over 50 cents a bushel, but he sold it for 20 cents.

Governor Altgeld, notwithstanding the reports in the Chicago papers to the contrary, has received a regular invitation to the Milwaukee centennial celebration, and has accepted the same.

**South Carolina Constitutional Convention.**

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 13.—Colonel Robert Aldrice has introduced a complete constitution in the constitutional convention. Its most novel feature is a provision that no negro shall hold office in South Carolina. He contends that the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the federal constitution do not confer upon the negro an inalienable right to hold office.

**Could Not Reach a Verdict.**

VINCENNES, Ind., Sept. 13.—The jury in the case of Ed Lankford, charged with the murder of Blann Williamson at Sandborn, last November, after being out twenty hours, failed to find a verdict. The jury stood seven for acquittal and five for conviction. Lankford is only 20 years old. The case will be tried again.

**Had to Watch That Wife of His'n.**

CRESTON, Ia., Sept. 17.—J. P. Sears, an Adair county farmer, has brought suit for $1,000 against Harry Carver for alienating his wife's affections. He states in his petition that he lost his corn crop because he had to watch his wife all summer.

## THRONG THE FIELD.

**Tennessee Invading the State of Tennessee in Force This Time.**

CHATTANOOGA, Sept. 17.—This thriving, energetic business center of the south is as active as a California gold-mining town during a boom. With every hour that passes the population is increased by thousands, and busses, carriages and wagons, with multitudes of people, throng the principal streets. The throngs of visitors are largely made up of veterans and their families or friends, who have come to see the great National park dedicated. Owing to the fact that the park extends over a distance of nearly twenty miles there has been no crush in the city. Some of the visitors are lodging at Lookout mountain, some along Mission Ridge, some at Rossville, and some at Snodgrass Hill, or in that vicinity.

The dedication of the park will mark the second great historic event of this region, and the people appreciate it. The battle in memory of which this park is to be dedicated was the first. At this great commemoration there will be present more governors, temporary kings, as it were, than the world ever saw so far as known before. They will represent millions of people and the states over which they rule represent billions in money. Twenty-five governors will be present; the vice president of the United States will be here; President Cleveland's cabinet; twenty-two senators; forty-two congressmen; many generals of the army that was in the days of '61 to '65. Among the governors who will be present are those of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Wisconsin. Mayor Ochs and the leading business men of the city declare they will be able to care for the multitudes they have been assured will come

It is estimated by the various passenger agents centered here that by noon today the number of visitors will be more than 35,000. Hundreds of excursion trains have been advertised to come from Atlanta, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and other metropolitan points. Some of the passenger agents estimate that there will have arrived from 60,000 to 75,000 strangers by tomorrow morning, the day on which the exercises open. The thrift and energy of the people of Chattanooga has been displayed in the vigorous preparations they are making to handle the crowds.

Every persons who owns a vehicle and a team within a radius of thirty miles has been advised to bring it in to aid in hauling the visitors from the electric and steam railway limits to the National park. Strict watch will be kept by the city police in connection with those of the park to prohibit exorbitant charges. All the citizens of the town have agreed to wear white ribbons on their right arm so that the visitors may know them in case they want information.

**Quinlan and Wife Sue Chicago Police.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.—Two suits, each for $20,000 damages, have been filed against Chief of Police Badenoch and Inspector Fitzpatrick by Patrick Quinlan and his wife, who for nearly a month were held by the police on suspicion of having guilty knowledge of Holmes' crimes. Chief Badenoch says that the Quinlans were never under actaul arrest, but remained at the station of their own volition to assist the police.

**Judge Sustained the Point.**

CARROLL, Ia., Sept. 16.—Ex-Judge George Paine raised a peculiar point in the district court here and the decision created a sensation. The question raised was one of usury. Paine advanced the plea that a national bank is not liable to penalties of the laws of the state of Iowa; therefore the district court of the state had no jurisdiction. Judge Elwood sustained the objection.

## THE MARKETS.

**New York Financial.**

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.

Money on call was easy at 2@2½ per cent; no loans. Prime mercantile paper 3½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange heavy, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486½@487 for demand and 483¾@484 for sixty days; posted rates 487@489 and 490@491; commercial bills, 482.

Silver certificates, 67@67½; no sales; bar silver, 66½ Mexican dollars, 52½.

United States government bonds easy for the new 4's; other issues were steady; new 4's reg., 120½; do. coupons, 121½; 5's reg., 113½; 5's coupons, 113½; 6's reg., 111½; 6's coupons, 113½; 4's reg., 96½; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

**Chicago Grain and Produce.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 56c, closed 56½c; December, opened 57¾c, closed 58¼c; May, opened 61¾c, closed 62¾c. Corn—September, opened 31c, closed 31¼c; October, opened 32¼c, closed 30¾c; December, opened 27¾c, closed 28¼c; May, opened 28¼c, closed 28c. Oats—September, opened 18¼c, closed 18¼c; May, opened 20¼c, closed 20¾c. Pork—September, nominal, closed $8.04; January, opened $9.40, closed $9.22½. Lard—September, nominal, closed $5.75; October, opened $5.60, closed $5.80.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb.; extra dairy, 17c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 12½c per doz. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 6½c per lb.; hens, 5c; roosters, 3@3½c; turkeys, 9@11c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Fair to choice, 25@30c per bu. New Apples—$1.00@1.75 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb. sections, new stock, 12@15c; brown comb, 10@12c; extracted, 5@6c.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; sales ranged at $3.85@4.20 pigs, $3.90@4.05 light, $3.85@4.00 rough packing, $3.95@4.20 mixed, and $4.05@4.25 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 24,000; quotations ranged at $3.40@5.75 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.80@5.35 good to choice do, $4.20@4.80 fair to good, $3.80@4.20 common to medium do, $2.40@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.30@3.15 stockers, $3.25@4.10 feeders, $1.40@3.65 cows, $2.50@4.50 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, $2.75@3.80 Texas steers, $2.90@4.40 western range steers, and $3.50@4.80 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $2.80@3.85 westerns, $1.75@2.80 Texans, $1.75@2.75 natives, and $3.00@4.80 yambs.

**Milwaukee Grain.**

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 16.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 57½c; No. 1 northern, 59½c; December, 59½c. Corn—No. 3, 31½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 22½c; No. 3 do, 21½. Barley—No. 2, dic; sample, 52@54c. Rye—No. 1, 49c.

**St. Louis Grain.**

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 16.

Wheat—Cash, 53½c; September, 53½c; December, 59½@59¾c; May, 62½c asked. Corn—Cash, 30½c; September, 30½c bid; December, 24c; May, 28½c. Oats—Cash, 18½c bid; September, 19½c; December, 19½c bid; May, 21c bid.

**Toledo Grain.**

TOLEDO, Sept. 16.

Wheat—Cash and September, 53½c; December, 54½c; May, 57c; No. 3 soft, 51c. Corn—Cash, 30½c. Oats—Cash, 23½c.

# HISTORY OF A WEEK

**Wednesday, Sept. 11.**

William Rose, an undertaker's assistant, at Denver, shot and mortally wounded Mrs. Philip Kuhn. He then shot himself fatally. Jealousy.

The execution of Cherokee Bill, which was set for yesterday, has been postponed by a stay of execution, granted pending an appeal to the supreme court.

Electricity is said to be destroying the water pipes in Omaha and a suit for $250,-000 has been begun against the street railway company for the damage its trolley lines has done.

George Clough, a quarryman, was killed by an accidental explosion of dynamite at Huntington, Ind.

Two-Jim Warfield, a negro, committed suicide at Elkton, Ky., because tobacco worms destroyed his forty-acre crop.

The business and machinery of the American Nut Lock company, of St. Louis, has been purchased for a sum approaching $100,000 by the American Brake Beam company, and will be moved to Waukegan, Ills.

**Thursday, Sept. 12.**

R. C. Meade, an Atchison, Kan., insurance agent who absconded a few years ago with about $30,000 which had been intrusted to him by widows and others, has been located in New York.

William Peplow, aged 102, recently sang several songs in a concert in Wellington, England, besides conducting a chorus and playing a piano.

A plot against the life of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been discovered at Rustchuk. Twenty persons have been arrested.

The curfew ordinance of Winona, Minn., goes into effect at once. It forbids children under 15 being on the streets after 9 o'clock in the evening.

Victor Baillot, born in 1793, is the oldest of the three surviving Frenchman who were under fire at Waterloo.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, is better and expected to be about in a few days.

The widow of the late James Fisk, Jr., is living in very humble circumstances in Boston, but is not in dire poverty

**Friday, Sept. 13.**

Cadet Thomas C. Butterly, third class, died suddenly at West Point from hemorrhage of the stomach. He was appointed from Nevada.

The military telegraphers re-elected William R. Plumb, of Chicago, president, and chose the following other officers: Vice president, W. B. Wilson; secretary and treasurer, J. E. Pettit, of Chicago.

The output of almost every cycle tube firm in Birmingham, England, has been bought up for the American trade, at prices higher than the English have been paying.

Will Caldwell (colored) murdered a woman near Osceola, Ark., in order that another negro might get a sum of money she possessed. Caldwell was arrested, confessed and was promptly lynched.

Henry M. Stanley, the famous African explorer, has arrived in New York. He will make a trip through the British northwest territory.

Keir Hardie tells the Denver reporters that half a dozen Chicago pastors importuned him to speak at their churches.

**Saturday, Sept. 14.**

Telegrams addressed to correspondents at various points in Central America have failed to bring any verification of the reports of earthquakes with attendant heavy loss of life in Honduras.

Louise Goins, colored, aged 97, died fifteen miles east of Nashville as the result of a rattlesnake bite. She had killed over 100 snakes during her life, but fell into a den of the reptiles with fatal results.

For letting the cruiser Columbia get a strain when she was docked in England, Captain Sumner, her commander, has been suspended from duty for six months on waiting orders, and gets a reprimand.

Miss Jennie Steel, aged 16, committed suicide by shooting herself in the head with a revolver at Montisuma, Ia.

A little girl was run over and killed by a trolley-car in Toledo and a furious crowd made an attempt to lynch Motorman Locklider.

Four masked men compelled section hands to tear up part of the track of the Southern Kansas railroad at Curtis, O. T., and when the west-bound passenger train was brought to a stop the bandits rifled the express car safe and escaped. All this was in broad daylight.

**Monday, Sept. 16.**

R. P. Searle, who started from Chicago Sept. 3 for New York on a record-getting bicycle trip, has reached Gotham and his ambition, having cut the record for the distance 3 hours and 25 minutes.

The building on the southeast corner of Vine and Water streets, Cincinnati, burned, causing a loss of about $300,000. This is the third time the building has burned.

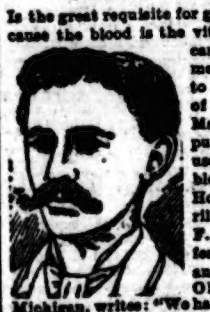
The congress of the National Prison association is in session at Denver with 150 delegates present.

The Mora claim against Spain, which has been the subject of dispute for twenty-six years, has been paid by a draft for nearly $1,500,000 drawn in favor of the United State. The division of the money among those entitled thereto promises to give Uncle Sam a lot of trouble.

Fifty thousand dollar bonus asked by the Firmenich Manufacturing company of Chicago, having been raised the Marshalltown, Ia., glucose works will be removed at once to Ottumwa, Ia.


**Pure Blood**

Is the great requisite for good health, because the blood is the vital fluid which carries nourishment and support to all the organs of the body. Make your blood pure now by the use of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prof. Edwin F. Norton, professor of French and German at Olivet College, Michigan, writes: "We have always found



**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

of great value in restoring vigor, appetite, etc., whenever we have used it."

**Hood's Pills** are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion.

## SAW THE MASSACRE.

### SOLDIERS WHO WITNESSED A HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

**Indians Murdered Whites While an Intervening River Prevented Succor—Disappearance of a Party of Thirty Deserters From the Regular Army.**

"It was one of the tragedies of the plains whose history will never be known," remarked Colonel W. H. Powell a few days since in speaking of a thrilling scene which he witnessed nearly 30 years ago. The tragedy took place on the bank of the Platte river, in the region of Julesburg, this state. Colonel Powell was then a captain in the regular army and had been sent with a command of about 100 men to relieve the garrison on the present site of Fort Morgan. Within view of the soldiers a large wagon train was attacked by Indians, and the entire force in charge of the train was wiped out of existence. The white men made a gallant resistance, but the redskins outnumbered them ten to one. After killing the escort the Indians seized such property as they liked and set fire to the wagons. A great smoke rising toward the sky gave notice for many miles in all directions of the awful deed.

"It may seem strange that a company of soldiers fully armed and prepared for battle should stand still and see their fellow countrymen shot down," remarked Colonel Powell, "but we could do absolutely nothing. The river was a raging torrent, and the quicksands made it wholly impossible for us to cross to the opposite side, where the battle was in progress. The road which the train was following was quite a distance on the north side. We were on foot on the south bank of the stream. From our position we saw the Indians sweep down upon the train, saw the hasty gathering of the wagons in a circle and the last desperate struggle. We never learned from what point the wagons came or whither they were going. There were perhaps 50 wagons in the train."

As stated, the soldiers were on their way to Fort Morgan to relieve the garrison. This was early in the spring of 1867. Two or three months previously a remarkable occurrence had greatly weakened the garrison, which consisted of a company of the Seventh cavalry. The fact is but little known outside of the war department, but in January, 1867, a body of more than 30 men deserted from the post. The men had grown weary of the isolation, and a plan was formed for a wholesale exit from the post.

It is also claimed that the leaders contemplated an attack on Denver, then a flourishing frontier village, and the looting of the place. The plans were well laid and were carried out without a hindrance in any particular. Each man was given a special duty to perform. It was so arranged that none but conspirators were on guard at the time of the departure. Orders were given that if any officer attempted to leave the quarters on the evening the plot was to be put into effect he was to be shot down without mercy. The evening was very cold, and fortunately for the officers not one of them left his room.

The men were to ride away from the post. The horses were fully equipped, and the party carried abundant supplies of food and ammunition. The deserters carried the guard with them, and the surprise of the troops remaining at the garrison the next morning may be imagined.

"There is no doubt about the truth of the story concerning the desertion," said Colonel Powell, "as I talked with the officers about the affair and know it to be a fact. One of the strangest features about the affair, however, is the mysterious disappearance of the men. Not a single person in the deserting party was ever afterward heard from. It is not known whether the men were massacred by the Indians, lost on the plains, or whether they reached the seashore and started for some distant country. It is known that several weeks after the men deserted their command a horse wandered back to the post. The horse was one which had been ridden away. The saddle had not been removed from the poor animal's back, and the saddle girth had cut through the animal's skin, making a frightful wound. The deserters apparently abandoned their intention of attacking Denver."

The colonel says that in 1892, when in New York, he had occasion to make inquiry concerning one of the deserters, who was an Englishman. A fortune had been left him in England. The man was traced as far as Fort Morgan, where he dropped out of sight in the winter of 1867. Upon information furnished by Colonel Powell the estate was divided among other heirs.—Denver News.

**An Overrated Virtue.**

For the last few days I have been wanting to thrash two boys. One of them is George Eves, who has attended the Plumstead board school for nine years without being absent or late for a single day. The other is Alfred Pulling, who has ill treated his master in the same way for ten years. I know of no more uninteresting, commonplace being than the man who is always in time. It simply means he hasn't enough originality to be late. And these two priggish boys have been encouraged in their punctuality by rewards and gold medals and so on. If I were their master, I should for the future cane them heartily every day they are not at least five minutes late. It would hurt me a good deal more than it would them, but still I should do it.—New Budget.

**Unprecedented.**

Mrs. Billus—Don't you believe it's true, John, that a person partakes to a considerable extent of the nature of the creatures he eats?

Mr. Billus—No. I've been eating fish all my life, and I can't swim a stroke.—Chicago Tribune.


# HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

## To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

# "THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

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To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

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To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

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TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

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## "THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

**69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.**


**Fish Story Vouched For by 20,000.**

"The most remarkable thing I ever saw done by a fish," said Will Mussey, "did not happen on any faraway lake, but right here in Chicago. It was during the railroad exposition, held many years ago in the old Interstate Exposition building, on the lake front. Many of the railway companies had fine exhibits of fish, taken from lakes and streams on the lines of their respective roads. A Wisconsin road had a splendid exhibit of black bass and graylings, and the large tank containing them was always surrounded by crowds of fishermen.

"I was standing there one afternoon watching a huge bass and wishing I had him at the end of a good line in some good water when I noticed a grayling which seemed disposed to be gay. He circled around the big bass a couple of times and then nipped him. He was probably just in fun, but I could see that the bass did not like it. The big fellow had been asleep, and perhaps he awoke with a bad taste in his mouth. He made no move toward the grayling, which became emboldened at this, and after hovering around the black fellow for a moment made another dive at him. Like a flash the bass turned to one side and with a snap grabbed the grayling by the back fin.

"His eyes shone with rage. He was the personification of anger and ferocity. There was a swirl of water, and when it was over the grayling was quivering in his death agonies. The bass drew back a few feet and opened his jaws. Never until then did I realize the possibilities of the jaws of a black bass. He seemed all mouth, and he made a running jump at the grayling and caught him head first. Now the grayling, while not so heavy as the bass, was fully as long. I did not think that the bass was going to attempt to swallow the grayling.

"It would be like my trying to swallow Jake Schaefer. But that is what he did, and, what is more, he succeeded. He worked him down slowly, lying quietly in one corner of the tank, while thousands vainly tried to get near. He started this banquet at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At 10 o'clock at night the grayling was half way down. There was but little change the next morning, and it was four days before that bass could close his jaws over the tail of that grayling. There are 20,000 people in Chicago who can vouch for every word of this."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Joke on His Head.**

There is a man in the treasury department who has it in for somebody. He doesn't know who, but he will find out in time.

He had not many friends in the office. He was too mercenary to be popular, so when he appeared one morning with a new silk hat they made up their minds he shouldn't enjoy it long.

As soon as a chance offered the leader of the conspirators neatly folded a piece of paper and laid it in the inside band of the hat. Of course it was unnoticed by the wearer. Next day he put in another, and next day another. Once it was noticed when he put the hat on he took it off, glanced anxiously inside to make sure it was his hat, then fitted it on his head as best he could.

Toward the end of the week, when a fresh paper had been added each day, he began to talk about how peculiar it was that the hat had grown more uncomfortable each day, until he felt as though he didn't want to appear in it.

Then he became alarmed and thought he had some disease of the head. Then he confided to a fellow clerk that he was going to consult a physician that day. His friend took the beaver in his hand—tried it on his head. "That's a good fit. What'll you take for it?" The answer came quickly, "Two dollars."

"Here's your $2," and the clerk closed the transaction by paying up and taking the beaver. The other sought the doctor, who prescribed for him, charged him $2 and told him to come again. The man has been making regular visits for the benefit of his head. Saturday he found out the joke and at the same time discovered the trouble with his head. He had wheels. The other man has the beaver.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Jilting and How to Do It.**

It is practically admitted, even by matrons of no particular charm, that, although a girl behaves very badly when she jilts a man, she behaves better than if, longing to jilt him, she abstained from exercising her privilege. This, to be sure, is exactly one of the concessions which good natured man makes to the frailty of the fair, and it is certain to irritate earnest womankind very much. I cannot help it—men do tolerate a lady jilt. They say, "Poor little soul!" We never read that any girl was miraculously struck down dead in the act of jilting.

I have heard of a lady who, in an unguarded moment, accepted a devout evangelical clergyman. He bade her kneel down with him and implored a blessing on their union, and as he did so she was occupied in thinking how she was to get out of it. Surely we cannot blame her for getting out of it. Indeed the blame attaches to those who get into it.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

**A Cat Story.**

May I add to your animal stories a striking instance of that spirit of jealousy which insists on all or none? I had a cat which had long been an inmate of the house and received all the attentions which it is well known old maids lavish on such animals. Finding the mice were more than one cat could attend to, I secured a kitten and wished to keep the two. My cat was indignant and in very plain language requested the kitten to go. I endeavored to make peace, lifted both on to the table and expostulated with puss. She listened with a sullen expression and then suddenly gave a claw at the kitten's eye. I scolded and beat her, upon which she left the house, and I never saw her again.—London Spectator.

# THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.


### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Ada Rehan.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Keilar.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—William Hoey.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Milk White Flag."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—William H. Crane.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—DeWolf Hopper in "Dr. Syntax."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Conroy and Fox.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The New Boy."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

### IS ARCHBISHOP CROKE AN ANGLOMANIAC?

A year or two ago, His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, took us to task in a sharp letter, which we published at the time, for alleged misrepresentation of his sentiments in regard to England being the best country, and the English government the best government in the world. He sent us what he claimed to be a correct synopsis of his remarks which we also published. Now, we find the Archbishop quoted by W Stead, of London, in an article recently published in the *Review of Reviews*, thus:

"I recall what Cardinal Manning had said as to Cromwell being the greatest ruler the English had ever had. Dr. Croke heartily concurred. Talking of the anti-English sentiment, he laughed at the idea. He said: 'We are all English now; nor is there an Irishman, no matter how vehement he may be, who does not believe England is the best country in the world.'"

Now, we hope, the Archbishop was making fun of the fresh Englishman, whose peculiar social antics of a few years ago, Chicagoans distinctly and unpleasantly remember. We cannot think that Mr. Stead has deliberately misrepresented Dr. Croke.

So, according to the Archbishop "we (the Irish) are all English now," etcetera. The Archbishop of Cashel may degrade himself, as an Irishman, by becoming as English as he pleases but he cannot embody us in his "we;" nor do we believe he can so embody any considerable body of his countrymen at home or abroad, unless it be the "Royal Irish" Constabulary; the hangers on of Dublin Castle, including detectives, spies, informers and hangmen; the Grand Master of the Orangemen and the membership of the Orange lodges: the "tradesmen to the Lord Lieutenant," and "purveyors to her Majesty," who afflict the discrowned Irish capital, and other Irish cities, and the rag-tag and bob-tail of all that is mean, craven and despicable in Ireland. THE CITIZEN is sorry to find the Archbishop of Cashel, in an interview with a babbling Englishman, identifying himself with this putrid combination of human toadstools.

We suppose the Archbishop did not intend to insult the Irish race when he, without due authority, said that they considered England "the best country in the world!" It is hard to have patience when such a national blasphemy issues from consecrated lips. But not even the glitter of the historic mitre of Cashel can blind us to the danger of allowing such a monstrous misstatement of Irish sentiment to pass unchallenged.

England "the best country in the world!"

The blood of Bishops McMahon and MacEgan and of Archbishop Plunkett, not to mention hundreds of priests and thousands of lay Catholics, murdered for defending their faith, is on her hands.

The blood also of Ireland's best and bravest, who strove for her liberty, on battlefield or in council, from the butchery of William Orr in 1797 to the hanging of the Manchester Martyrs in 1867, is on her head.

Rev. Fathers Murphy ("Father John"), Philip Roche, Kearns, Clinch, and many others, after the rebellion of '98 was crushed, were murdered under circumstances of horrible cruelty, by this "best country in the world."

We make no account whatever of priests or laymen who were killed in the open field, face to face with the national enemy, at any period of Ireland's history.

Archbishop Croke is old enough to remember the awful famine period of 1846-51. Did not "the best country in the world" then allow one million five hundred thousand of the Irish people, men, women and children, to die of "famine, or typhus induced by famine," rather than violate her principles of political economy by affording relief to the subjects she had robbed? What said Meagher, in 1847:

"England, your gallant and impetuous enemy is dead! The war of centuries is at a close! Your great difficulty is at an end! Ireland, or rather the remains of Ireland, are yours at last! Your red ensign flies—no! from Limerick wall, where you played the perjurer; not from the Senate House where you played the swindler; not from the Custom House where you played the robber, but from the thousand graveyards, where the titled niggards of your cabinet have won the battle your soldiers could not terminate!"

What has "the best country in the world" done to make Irishmen admire her since the year of Meagher's eloquent indictment of her methods? Is it by allowing the brutal landlords to drive to the poorhouse or into exile a majority of the wretched survivors of the artificial famine? Is it by packing the juries on the Young Ireland and Fenian leaders? Is it by allowing the torch to be used by the sheriffs in Kerry and Donegal? Is it by allowing the "Royal Irish" to shoot little boys and young girls and old men in the streets of Ballina and Mitchelstown? Is it by employing Pigott and LeCaron to send, if possible, Parnell to the gallows? Is it by refusing to Ireland the smallest concession of Home Rule?

In the name of God and of common sense, what ground does the Archbishop of Cashel rest his astonishing assertion upon? How many of the Irish race have communicated to him their passionate love for England? Certainly from no Irishman, worthy the name, residing in the United States, has such a communication been received. If England, Most Rev. Archbishop, is the best country in the world, then, with equal logic, THE CITIZEN may assert that hell is the most charming summer resort in the universe!

### THE CUBAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

The attempt made by several leading American newspapers—notably the Chicago *Tribune*—to force President Cleveland to recognize Cuba as a belligerent will hardly succeed with the over cautious gentleman who destroyed so recently the legend of the Monroe doctrine. Mr. Cleveland has no sympathies outside the Cleveland family. He is a block of adipose tissue, tempered with water, and controlled by phlegm. It is impossible to imagine Grover Cleveland as a sympathetic being. He is a Saxon of the Saxons, notwithstanding his Irish grandmother. If he does a single noble national act during the remainder of his political career, which, thanks to God, is approaching a close, he will astonish us. All the valor, all the fortitude and all the appeals of the gallant Cubans will be wasted upon the cold, coarse, common nature of the man who now occupies the presidential chair. There is not in his composition a single chivalric or generous impulse. Of all our Presidents, he is the least American in appearance, in habit of thought and political action. Perhaps God placed him in the chair to act as a kind of huge brake to the mighty impulse of the American nation to actively sympathize with struggling and suffering Cuba. The Mora claim is paid at last by the Spaniard, and Cleveland may point to that payment and laugh ha! ha! in self-gratulation, but what is the Mora million, or so, to the lives, the liberty and the prosperity of the Cuban people? The United States, by recognizing Cuba as a belligerent would compel the Spaniards to treat the Cubans captured in battle with ordinary humanity. At present they shoot or garrote them, as if they were wild animals.

Cuba's real hope of emancipation comes from her kindred countries of Mexico and Central and South America, where the fiery Spanish and Indian blood predominates. Advices from the City of Mexico received in New York on Tuesday, say that the General Secretary of the Cuban Revolutionary party, Senor de Quesada, reached the capital of Mexico last Saturday. He went straight from the station to the home of the Mexican minister of foreign affairs and was closeted with him until after midnight. In the course of that conference it was said Senor de Quesada officially promised so many advantageous concessions to the Mexican republic from the insurgents upon the success of their cause that the minister, already strongly biased in favor of the Cubans, practically consented to use his influence to obtain Mexican recognition of the insurgents as belligerents.

Later advices say that Sunday Senor de Quesada saw the minister of foreign affairs again, and succeeded after several hours of further argument in obtaining an unconditional promise that the Mexican government would concede the longed for beligerent rights as soon as possible. This second despatch said it was the general opinion in Mexican official circles that the formal recognition would be made within a fortnight at most.

In conclusion, the despatch states the expected Mexican recognition of the insurgents as belligerents would be of the greatest importance and advantage to the Cuban cause. It would mean that the Cuban revolutionary party in America could recruit as many men as it pleased in every part of Mexico, and could send as many expeditions as it desired from Mexican ports straight across the gulf to Cuba, without much fear of interference from Spanish gunboats. Then, too, it would give the Cubans the right to have vessels built and arms manufactured in Mexico.

Best of all, the despatch says, most of the other Spanish-American countries will follow Mexico's lead.

### MAJOR CARROLL MORALLY VINDICATED.

The court-martial proceedings in the case of Col. Francis T. Colby against Maj. Garrett J. Carroll, of the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., came to a close at the regimental armory on Wednesday evening. Col. Henry L. Turner, of the First Regiment, I. N. G., was president of the court, and Lieut.-Col. J. Milton Oliver, of Brig.-Gen. Wheeler's staff, was judge advocate. The charges comprised intoxication while on duty and disrespectful conduct toward a superior officer. Eighteen field, staff and line officers of the Seventh Regiment, including Lieut.-Col. Kavanagh, swore that they never saw Maj. Carroll intoxicated while on duty. Col. Kavanagh added that he considered Maj. Carroll the most competent officer in the Seventh Regiment. The charges of disrespectful conduct were not sustained, except in regard to an indorsement on an official communication by Maj. Carroll, which might be construed as a breach of etiquette. The Major was, in fact, morally vindicated. All the evidence in the case, together with the finding of the court-martial, has been forwarded to the Adjutant-General and will be referred for final action to the Governor.

### COUNCIL FIGHTS CIVIL SERVICE.

What might be expected to happen because of the un-American airs assumed by the members of the Chicago board of Civil Service Commissioners has happened. The Chicago city council—the local legislature elected to look after the interests of the whole people—has revolted against the absurd and unconstitutional 45-years of age limit, and the vast majority of the people will sustain the action of the council. It is ridiculous to place the power of practically starving to death every man over 45 years of age in the city, in the hands of three very ordinary mortals, like Messrs. Clark, Waller and Hotz. Mr. Clark is one of those fortunate professional politicians who poses as a "highly respectable" party. He has done little or nothing to deserve the prominence that has been unwisely thrust upon him by the Mayor. He was a collector of customs, as a matter of pure favoritism, not of merit, and when he ran for the Mayoralty he was burried so deep as to render him forever hors de combat as a candidate before the people. Mr. Clark is of that class of political fish hawks who sun themselves on the shores of the sea, wait for the industrious water fowl to catch the fish and then swoop down and appropriate the game to their own ravenous stomachs. There are many of the tribe in Chicago. They are not confined to any one party and Mr. Clark is the truest type of the class. He has no sympathy with the masses of the people, and has such an exalted opinion of his own judgment that nobody can reason with him. His attitude on the tyrannical 45-years limit is mulish in the extreme, and we are astonished that any respectable newspaper in Chicago should sustain his opinion.

In the city council last Monday evening, Ald. M. B. Madden introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted by an unanimous vote:

"WHEREAS, In consequence of legislation by the general assembly of the State of Illinois, a vote of the people and the action of the Mayor of the City of Chicago, a department of the municipal government of said city has been established, known as the 'civil service commissioners of the City of Chicago;' and,

"WHEREAS, Said commissioners, as is alleged, are authorized by law to establish reasonable rules and none other in respect to applications for appointments to and removals from positions, offices, employments and places in the service of the municipal corporation known as the City of Chicago; and,

"WHEREAS, It is currently reported through the public press, and asserted upon the testimony of divers citizens of Chicago of good repute, that the said 'civil service commissioners of the City of Chicago' have by certain pretended rules or orders adopted by them attempted to prevent the employment by the city of citizens in every respect qualified to perform every service and discharge every duty connected with the positions, offices, employments and places to which they aspire, simply and only because they are beyond the age of 45 years, and wholly without reference to the capacity of such citizens to fill such positions, offices, employments and places; and,

"WHEREAS, The city council is alone vested by law with the power to provide by ordinance in regard to the relation between all the officers and employes of the corporation in respect to each other, the corporation and the people; and is also vested by law with the exclusive power, in its discretion, to provide for the election by the legal voters of the city or appointment by the Mayor, with the approval of the council, of such officers as may be by said council deemed necessary or expedient, and prescribe the duties and define the powers of all such officers, with the term of any such office, and discontinue any and all such offices; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, By the city council of the City of Chicago, 1. That a committee of five members of the council be appointed by the chair to inquire into and report at as early a day as may be practicable as to what ordinances or other action of this council may be necessary or expedient to enable all citizens of Chicago, without reference to their age, color, sex or condition, who possess the requisite qualifications therefor, to apply for and receive appointments to and in any office, position, place or employment connected with the government of the City of Chicago. 2. That his honor, the Mayor, be requested, and the corporation counsel and all other heads of departments, officers, servants, agents and employes of the municipal government of Chicago, be directed to furnish the said committee such aid, assistance and information as may be within their power to accomplish the spirit and purpose of these resolutions."

Ald. Madden sustained his resolutions by an able speech, in which he dwelt on the point that the regulations of the Civil Service Commissioners should be reasonable. He said that the Mayor, by and with the advice and consent of the council, has still the power to make the appointment of every clerk and employe in the service of the city. In continuation he said:

"If this is true, and I believe it is, it is in the power of the council to compel the commission to make such rules as are reasonable, and not to allow the commissioners to dictate that a man who is 45 years old is unfit to live on the earth. I want to say that I solemnly protest against this rule. I have yet to learn that because a man is 45 years old he is unfit for service. I am surprised to know that the dignified gentlemen who occupy the position of commissioners for this city should look on citizens of this class as unfit to live and serve the community. To say nothing of the men who bared their breast and carried the flag for their country, we have other men undertaking to make a living, to bring up their families in respectability, and they are deprived of an opportunity to live in the institution of which they are the owners. It is a shame and a disgrace upon the intelligence of the people of this city, and this council should stamp it with its disapproval. All the officers shall be appointed by the Mayor, and vacancies in all offices made by the Mayor shall be filled by appointment.

"It is within the power of the council to see that every appointment shall be confirmed by it if so desired. In the face of this fact the passage of the civil service laws takes none of the power from the city council. I say to you, gentlemen of the council, on behalf of the people of Chicago, that we have the power to make the rules under which the commission shall operate, and I say these rules should be reasonable, and that every man able to work ought to be able to apply for an examination."

THE CITIZEN cordially approves of the position taken by Ald. Madden, who was vigorously seconded by Ald. Campbell and other members of the council. Civil service within reasonable limits is one thing, but civil service run mad, as at present, is quite another. The people will sustain their representatives. Mayor Swift himself has declared against the 45-years age limit, so that Clark, Waller and Hotz had better give way or resign.

### CAPT. THOMAS BRENAN.

The following excellent tribute to the worth of our gallant and respected fellow-citizen, Capt. Thomas Brenan, appeared recently in the Chicago *Tribune:*

THOMAS BRENNAN, AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Thomas Brenan has said precisely what everybody who knows him expected him to say about the attempt of some of his mistaken friends to secure for him a title from the Pope. 'I want no higher title,' said Mr. Brenan (and his simple words deserve to be remembered and pondered by his fellows), 'no higher title than the title of American citizen. If rightly worn it is the highest distinction any man can bear.'

"True for you, Thomas Brenan, and may you, who have so long in the wearing honored it, live and wear and honor it for many years to come.

Mr. Brenan is a conspicuous example of merit that does not flaunt itself nor clamor for recognition and reward. He is one of Chicago's most useful, as since 1849 he has been one of Chicago's best, citizens. His little fortune is the result of honest work; and when it became a competency he did not crave the joys that millions are commonly believed to bring, but devoted his time, his thought and his energy to the children of his adopted city. To him more than to any other man is due the efficiency of the public schools of Chicago. For eighteen years, as he truly says, this work of his has been a labor of love, and in testimony of it Chicago bears in the memories of its children of those years and in the grateful memories of their fathers the monument which he confesses he values more highly than any title of nobility.

"Thomas Brenan needs no tinsel decoration. He is an American citizen of the old-fashioned kind—sturdy, honest, plain-speaking, forthright. To pin a ribbon to his breast would be like putting a wreath of artificial flowers on Plymouth Rock."

### THE COMING CONVENTION.

THE CITIZEN for the coming week will not go to press until Friday night, in order to afford time for the publication of the proceedings of the convention of the New Irish Movement to be held in this city next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. It is now expected that at least a thousand delegates will be in attendance—the New England states, with New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri and Illinois promising large delegations. The American press, with a very few exceptions, has treated the coming convention kindly, and this is especially true of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, the *Inter-Ocean*, the *Chronicle*, the *Evening Post* and the *Daily News*. The Irish-American press, with the exception of the fossilized *Irish-American* of New York, has done well. The *Irish World* published the call for the convention in full, while the *Irish Republic* of New York, the *Hibernian* of Philadelphia, the *Irish Standard* of Minneapolis and the *Nation* of San Francisco acted splendidly throughout.

On the other hand, the "Catholic" press, excepting the *Catholic Journal of the New South*, published at Memphis, Tenn., and a few other papers edited by men of independent mind, has been either sneering, openly hostile, or entirely silent. As the Irish-American people of this country are the main supporters of the Catholic newspapers, we consider it rather odd that the great Irish question, which appeals to all humanity, should be either carped at or slighted by those papers. The American "Catholic" press is ever ready to travel out of its way to interfere in the domestic concerns of other people than the Irish; but when the question of Irish liberty comes up, it has no use for it. Everything is "the church," as if the church would amount to anything worth contemplating in this country or in Great Britain were it not for the devotion of Irish Catholics and their children to the old faith. "American" newspapers in this country, edited by Canadian or Irish Orangemen, are exactly in line with the "Catholic" press on the Irish question, and we wish them joy of each other's company.

However, we can do without these gentry; but we wish the Irish-American Catholics to remember their action in this important crisis. They might, indeed, aid us—

If we would shape our holy cause to
match their slavish fears;
But helpless and hopeless may they be,
who brook a vain delay;
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat
whether they come or stay!

### NOTICE.

For the information of societies that intend to send delegates to the New Movement Convention, to be held in this city on Sept. 24, 25 and 26, it may be well to state that, wherever possible, the acting secretary will send a credential form, but no society need wait for that. Delegates can be elected and given the usual credentials of their respective organizations, signed by the president and secretary of each. These will be subsequently passed upon by the committee on credentials of the Convention. The railroads have given rates at one and one-third fare.

### PERSONAL.

A number of highly interesting communications, poems, resolutions, etc., relating to the New Movement, were received too late for this week's issue of THE CITIZEN. They will receive due attention next week.

MGR. SATOLLI, and other distinguished people, guided by William J. Onahan, whose knowledge of the stock yards dates from boyhood, visited some of the leading packing houses on Monday, and were much interested in what they beheld.

THE rebuke administered to Comptroller Wetherell by Ald. Madden at Monday night's Council meeting was severe, but, under the circumstances, not undeserved. The disease called "swelled head" is very ripe in some of the city hall departments at present.

MR. JARVIS BLUME, justice of the peace, has been appointed police magistrate in the West Division. It is a worthy appointment, and THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Mr. Blume, who is a genial and liberal-minded gentleman. He was born in Germany in 1842, and came to America with his family when only six years old. He graduated in law, after having served four years in the Union army, at Boston in 1876 and came to Chicago the following year. He has been a constant resident since that period. His first appointment as justice of the peace was made in 1887, and he was appointed police magistrate at Desplaines street during Hempstead Washburne's regime.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is a brave and honest American gentleman. Because he said in England that Ireland had a clear right to make her own laws, and mold her own destiny, he has been bitterly assailed by Anglomaniacs in this country. On landing in New York on the 15th inst., he reiterated his opinion with emphasis. Bravo Chauncey!

MR. CHARLES H. PRINDIVILLE, son of Mr. Redmond Prindiville, was married to Miss Estelle Trego, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Trego, at the house of the bride's parents, No. 3935 Lake avenue, last Tuesday evening. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Holt, and the groom by Mr. Thomas W. Prindiville. The youthful couple went on their bridal trip to Canada, and will have a postnuptial reception on Thursday, Nov. 14, from 3 until 10 o'clock, at 3935 Lake avenue.

THE CITIZEN fails to see any good sense in the rivalries and bickerings of the two wings of the Republican party in the city and county. The keen Democrats are watching the situation with much interest, and, as has been said, "a badger never fights so well as on its back." There is always room for the minority party to slip in between two factions of the majority party. As a matter of fact Chicago is debatable ground, unless in years of Republican or Democratic "tidal waves." Cook county is generally safely Republican, but any serious split in the Republican party might result in a Democractic victory.

### CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

First Regular Examination, Battery D.

Commissioner Hotz to Candidate—Where were you born?

Can.—In Ireland, sir.

Hotz—What part of Ireland?

Can.—There's only one Ireland? I was born there. (Laughter.)

Hotz—There's a New Ireland is there not?

Can.—Yes, sir.

Hotz—Where?

Can.—In New York. (Laughter.)

Hotz—Anywhere else?

Can.—Yes, here every once in a while. (Laughter.)

Hotz—How old are you?

Can.—Forty-five years, barring a day or two.

Hotz—What year were you born in?

Can.—I wasn't born in a year.

Hotz—Where were you born?

Can.—In a house. (Laughter.)

Hotz—What year was it?

Can.—The year I was born in. (Laughter.)

Hotz—Take him, Clark, I can do nothing with him.

Can.—That's what the schoolmaster used to say. (Laughter.)

Chairman Clark to Candidate (majestically)—Describe to me two points of projection on a given finite straight line.

Can.—Washington Hesing's whiskers. (Laughter.)

Clark—Dr. Hawley, you may examine this man and see whether he has a corn on the sole of his foot. If so, reject him on the spot.

Mr. Waller (to a new candidate)—Where were you born?

Can.—In Massachusetts.

Waller—What year?

Can.—1840.

Waller—You are over age.

Can.—I'm an old soldier.

Waller—It makes no difference. You ought to have your fortune made by this time.

Can.—I was fighting while others were making money.

Waller—Where did you fight?

Can.—At Chancellorsville and elsewhere.

Waller—Did you ever run?

Can.—Oh, yes; had to once in a while. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now. (Laughter.)

Clark—Did you ever hear of the Pons Asinorum?

Can.—Oh, yes; we used it all the time in Virginia, but our asses were mostly mules. A few were generals. (Laughter.)

Clark—I'm not talking of pontoons, but of a proposition in Euclid.

Can.—I'm rusty in Euclid, but I can tell the difference between a cedar block and a cobble stone. (Laughter.)

Clark—Take him Hawley.

Dr. Hawley—Come and be measured.

Can—I used to be 5 feet 11.

Dr. Hawley—You're not that now.

Can.—Shot through both thighs at Second Bull Run. Shortened me two inches.

Dr. Hawley—Open your mouth. Why, man, half your jaw bone on the right side is gone!

Can.—Shot through the face at Fredericksburg!

Dr. Hawley—Here's your left hand all gathered up.

Can.—Yes; got shot through it carrying the colors of my regiment at Gettysburg!

Dr. Hawley—You limp pretty badly.

Can.—Yes; got a bullet through my right leg at Spottsylvania!

Dr. Hawley—And that scar across your forehead?

Can.—Got that from one of Early's troopers at Cedar Creek, before Sheridan came up!

Clark—My God! The man's all broken to pieces. He's not fit for service under the city.

Dr. Hawley—Then we must reject him.

Clark—Exactly so.

Veteran departs singing, "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag."

# MERRY BOYS.

## The Young Men's Institute Meet at North Side Turner Hall and Have a Glorious Time.

### Thomas A. Dillon and Other Young Gentlemen Distinguish Themselves.

Sherman Council No. 251, Young Men's Institute, an organization composed principally of North Side residents, gave a minstrel and vaudeville entertainment last Monday evening at North Side Turner Hall. The Y. M. I. is a recent addition to the social, literary and musical circles of the city, and judging from its first public appearance we have no hesitation in predicting for it a pleasant and successful future. The home of the Institute is located at Cass and Superior streets, the former spacious residence of Hon. Washington Hesing. Its officers are as follows: D. V. Gallery, President; Charles T. Cavanagh, Vice-President; F. H. Nowlan, Secretary; D. E. Sullivan, Treasurer. The following was the evening's programme:

PART I.

Sherman Council Minstrels.

Interlocutor, Thos. A. Dillon. Bones, Dick Callahan, Joe Rathy, Ed Schaack. Tambos, Ruddy Henry, James Heffern, Charles Cavanagh.

Introductory Overture, Viva! Viva! Minstrels. "Gilligan's On a Tear Again," Dick Callahan. "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," Frank Queloz. "Standing on the Corner," Jas. Heffern. "If My Heart Could Speak," Joseph Russell. "Phoebe," Ed Schaack. "Dear Louise," William Barron. "Climb Up Children," Ruddy Henry. "I'm King of the Land and the Sea," W. Alton Derrick. Finale, "The Thrilby Band," by members of Thrilby Band.

PART II.

Overture, Orchestra. D. E. Sullivan. The Irish Aristocrat, on "The Silver Question," or on any other question that may bother him. Thomas Quinn and Ed Schaack in a musical specialty. Rudy Henry entertains. Sherman Council Trio, in songs that please. Dennis Paul, James Vincent, Thomas Russell.

PART III.

"Fun in a Restaurant."

Jim Grubbs.....Ed Schaack
Alexander Appetite.....Thos. Quinn
Lollypop Fresh.....Chas. Cavanagh
Windy Whiskers.....A. E. Moyer
Milwaukee Bricks.....F. L. Queloz
Mr. Defear.....Ed Agnew
Clementina.....J. P. Heffern
Seraphina.....J. P. Rathy

Finale, the entire company in grand chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The interlocutor, Mr. Thomas A. Dillon, a well-known North Side businessman, acquitted himself in a highly creditable manner. As a whole the performance was a thorough success from the initial chorus to the polished remarks of the president at the close. The star performer of the evening, however, was Mr. Rudy Henry, who was frequently encored, and who gave unmistakable evidence of histrionic and musical talent of a very high order. The character of "Lollypop Fresh," in "Fun in a Restaurant," was admirably sustained by Mr. Charles Cavanagh. His wooing of the two colored damsels, while it showed his natural bashfulness of character also brought into bold relief other lovable traits, which have heretofore been latent. Mr. D. E. Sullivan, who discussed the silver and other questions from the standpoint of an Irish aristocrat, did very well indeed, but his costuming in the red-faced and red-headed style was not appropriate. A red-headed Irishman may be as cultured a gentleman as it is possible to find, but the absolute fact is that the Irish, as a race, are dark haired.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail in their good ships gallantly
From the sunny land of Spain.

The red-headed Irishman sprung from the imagination of Carrolton and Lever, and are not racy of the soil.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. Cavanagh and the Misses Cavanagh, Mr. M. W. Kerwin and Miss Kerwin, Mr. Daniel Gallery and the Misses Gallery, Mr. and Mrs. John Gallery and Miss Donohue, Mr and Mrs. John H. Amberg, Mr. and Mrs Charles Plamondon, Col. P. J. Hennessy, the Misses Lynch, the Misses Walsh, Capt. James E. Bourke, William Fogarty, Willie Neary, James J. Moore, Mrs. and Miss Popham, Rev. Fathers P. J. Muldoon, Perry, Dore and M. J. Fitzsimmons, Mr. Thomas Riley and the Misses Riley, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Conlan, Jr., Mr. William Devine and the Misses Devine, George Cooke, M. P. Farrell, Miss Maggie Cline, Miss Aimee Sheelard, T. H. Harney, G. W Mahoney, M. D., R. D. Walsh and many others.

### GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Perhaps in the history of the Gaelic Athletic Association of Chicago a finer contest has never taken place than that which occurred on last Sunday between the O'Mahony and Innisfail hurling teams. The rules were strictly enforced by Referee Furlong, and the game was played without a single hitch. Both teams made thorough preparations for the contest, and the game was one that was well worth seeing and gave entire satisfaction to the spectators. On the whole the O'Mahony team showed better science and team work than the Innisfails, and retired victors with a score of 1 goal 7 points to 1 goal 2 points. A strikingly good feature of the game which proved most effective was the announcing of the score by flags; when a goal was made the Stars and Stripes was waved, and when a point was scored the green flag of the Emerald Isle fluttered above the head of the referee. This will put a stop to outsiders interfering with the decisions of referees after the contests, as every person may easily know the score as the game proceeds.

On next Sunday the Sarsfield football team will meet the Innisfails. The game was to have taken place on Sept. 1, but was forced to an abrupt terminatton by the referee not rigidly enforcing the rules of the association, and allowing the players to indulge in side issues. Both teams are well matched, and with Thomas O'Neil Jones as referee, there is no doubt but the rules of the association will be adhered to or the aggressors will be expelled. The Sheridans and Sarsfields will also meet at hurling for a trophy presented by the Central Council. Both contests will be close and exciting, and all patrons of the games should be at the Gaelic grounds on next Sunday.

### THE NEW MOVEMENT.

[*To the Editor.*]

The calling together of the convention of Irishmen in Chicago the latter part of this month is exciting more than ordinary attention over the known world. Far and near the news has been heralded, that Ireland's sons without distinction, in harmony and good will, are to assemble to devise ways and means to right the wrongs of centuries inflicted on Ireland by her merciless persecutor, the Saxon. Already the minions of England are endeavoring to stir up strife therein, and British gold is already in the palms of the defamers of our race, with the object of being doled out to men of the Jimmie O'Brien, LeCaron and Carey stamp, and the lying press of that country and her dependencies or colonies are already filled with stories of imaginary discords thereat, which have no foundation in fact. It is a self-evident proposition, which every Irishman will admit, that the present crisis in Irish affairs necessitates the calling of a convention of the Irish in America, at least, to decide on some line of future action.

The men who have taken the initiative in the approaching convention are true and tried sons of Ireland, who in the past, for years, have devoted their time and means to the furtherance of the Irish cause, often at great sacrifice to themselves and their families. What man, who has ever championed or worked for the cause, was the better of it, either financially or politically? I speak from a bitter experience of over twenty years in Canada, and I speak without fear of contradiction. To find yourself held up to scorn and opprobrium by a hostile press, to have your motives maligned and misinterpreted, to be branded as a common felon and traitor, and outcast, is the lot of all who allied themselves with the Irish cause in Canada.

As the delegates to the convention will come from every State in the union, from Canada, Ireland, England, Australia and almost all the countries of the known world, where the foot of an Irishman has trodden, the election of officers and the policy of the party will be such as will reflect no shame or dishonor on the Irish race. The convention will be composed of men, who, in the past, have proved their willingness to give up their professions, their trades and occpations, their homes and families, nay, were it necessary even to risk life, they would cheerfully do so for the cause of their country. The men who are instrumental in calling this great body of their countrymen together seek no office, their motives are of the best, their names will live as long as the Irish race exists, as patriots. Let us all join hands in making the convention a success. If any of our countrymen think that the movement is premature, if they do not desire to be present to advocate their views, for God's sake, for the sake of our common mother country, for the sake of the oppressed and the widow and the orphan, let them throw no cold water on the movement, which cannot but be crowned with success.

In the days to come, Ireland, free and independent among the nations of the earth, achieved by the efforts of her countrymen, begun in even a small way at the convention of 1895, and growing year by year till the end was accomplished, will bless her children who took part in that gathering. In the days to come your children will sit round your fireside, and their young eyes will flash, and their young hearts glow with sympathy, as you will tell them the story of Ireland and her wrongs, and how the same were righted by the efforts of her sons, begun by the convention of 1895, at which you were present.

MARTIN MALONE.

[Only Irish-American citizens of the United States are asked to convene under the call, but there will be no bar to good men from any country.—ED.]

At a meeting of the Emmet Club of Dayton, O., held Sept. 12, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, There is a convention called of the friends of Irish independence to meet in Chicago to inaugurate a New Movement; and,

WHEREAS, It has been clearly demonstrated that Ireland will get no justice from England through parliamentary agitation; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we heartily endorse the New Movement, and pledge our moral and financial support to whatever decision those assembled there may adopt.

Patrick Cogan, president; John Sharkey, James Dougherty, James Galvin, John O'Connor, Terrence Cogan, committee.

### Finding of a Large Canoe in a Lake.

A solid Irish black oak canoe was found in the bottom of Lough Erle, a small lake about seven miles from Carrick-on-Shannon, under very peculiar circumstances recently. Mr. Thomas Mulligan, of Bonnybeg, a well-known owner of sire horses, dreamt that he saw a canoe on the bottom of the lake referred to, and about 150 yards from an island on the south side. He communicated the burden of his dream to Mr. William Sydney Lauder, J. P., Bonnybeg, and the latter gentleman proceeded to the lake with a number of men and dragged about the spot indicated by Mr. Mulligan's dream, with the result that the canoe was found in about six feet of water. It was full of alluvial deposit, and Mr. John Tyrrell Byrne, J. P., Drumsna, who inspected it, and who is possessed of some antiquarian skill, has given it as his opinion that it must have been 700 years in the position from which it has lately been rescued. It is one solid piece of oak, and is in a remarkable state of preservation, being almost as sound as bell-metal. Some account this to the preservative powers of the peaty deposit in which the canoe was embedded. Its exact dimensions are, length, 26 feet; breadth in widest part, 2 feet 5 inches; at bow, 1 foot 6 inches. It contains neither nail nor rivet, and has eight apertures, four on each side, scooped out in the gunwale, evidently for the purpose of acting as seat rests. The canoe was conveyed to the residence of Mr. Lauder. Mr. Mulligan, who had this remarkable dream, lives about two miles from the lake, which is only about a half mile square.

### IRELAND'S "PERMANENT FORCES."

[*To the Editor.*]

The claim of T. M. Healy, as recently advanced in the house of commons, that his party represents "the permanent forces of Irish nationality," naturally brings to mind the question, How long are those forces to remain blindly buffeting against the ramparts of English opposition? Seventy years of parliamentary agitation against the Union have failed in loosening the bonds of a hateful dual yoke. The "Whig tail" of O'Connellite days, the "brass band" of the early '50's, the Butt, Shaw, Parnell and McCarthy movements—all like so many successive waves have but wasted their strength against the rocks of British resistance to reason. Among the men who have supposedly trusted in the English senate or people Parnell was by many degrees the ablest, because he relied on forces far more potent than the permanent ones of his old lieutenant, Mr. Healy. A parliamentary chessman of surpassing ability, he was recognized by the "old parliamentary hand" as a man who was to be checkmated at all hazards. It was accordingly done, and lo, the very power fell from the hands that struck him down. In hurling Parnell from his pedestal of authority the Liberal party, like an embodied political Samson, brought down upon itself the tottering temple of defeat. Gladstone, old political Achilles that he is, by his retirement, has acknowledged that in the cementing power of Parnell's genius Ireland possessed a tower of strength. The inscrutable and sphinx-like attitude that Parnell exhibited towards the fierce elements of Irish disaffection made him feared by the most powerful empire of modern times. Ireland, he declared, was like another Sybilline prophetess, the rejection of whose advances would in the coming time result but in harder terms. Now as in the days of the silken Geraldine and Owen Roe the active struggle continues with the forces ever permanent. The Irish national vulture is incessantly knawing at the entrails of the British Tityeono, and the prophetic genius of Parnell grows clearer with advancing time.

If Mr. Healy meant by "permanent forces" the actions involved in the election of "the convict Daly," and the consequent defiance of both English parties, then he undoubtedly speaks in the accents of truth. That stirring action in the old Thomond city by the Shannon, where Ireland made her last grand stand for civil and religious freedom as she understood it beneath Stuart rule, proves that there are yearning depths in the Irish national heart which no English plummet can sound. These are the permanent forces which reddened the bayonets of the brigade at Fontenoy with English blood, and which nerved the souls of the pikeman at Vinegar Hill and Wexford. These were the forces that were arrayed behind the youthful Emmet, and spurred on the men of '48 and '67 in a gallant but hopeless struggle for "happy homes and altars free." As long as actions like these reported from Limerick are heralded across the seas, so long may we rest assured that England's constitution, the growth of centuries of precedent, must first meet with upheaval and ruin before the national sentiment is stifled in the Irish breast.

There are other permanent forces unhappily today in Ireland, and they are represented in a great measure by the Anglicized body of Irish legislators, who from beneath the Whig wing have cast the shadow of political disgrace upon the old green land. If Mr. Healy means these as the permanent forces which will yet raise the Irish phœnix from the ashes of her former greatness then we would refer him to the baleful work of the O'Connellite Whigs, and the brass band's men of Sadleir's time, whose legitimate successors, the McCarthy-Dillon-Blake factions undoubtedly are.

It has been the sad fate of successive Iris parliamentarians to yield in a more or less degree to English political seductive arts. Something like the unhappy influence that has overtaken the brightest of Ireland's literary and poetic sons in England's metropolis has also overtaken those Irish knights of the Shire. The bright lamp of distinctive nationality, which burned brightly in the outset of their career on their own native heath, where the very ruins of their country led them on incentively to duty, was slowly but surely extinguished in the poisoned political atmosphere which they inhaled, and it soon sufficed to light them no more. A courtly nod from a cabinet minister, the smile of Downing street, an invitation to Curzon street, Mayfair, or a political appointment for a relative accomplished the transformation in nine cases out of ten. It was from causes such as these that Parnell proclaimed that the Whigs had sapped the integrity of his once strong and powerful party. The sale of these seats as disclosed at Omah, clearly shows the canker which is eating at the heart of the West British political party.

Parliamentary agitation, if it is to survive, needs a butress erected by men whose integrity has been unsapped by grand old men hailing from Hawarden or elsewhere. The trumpet call which would overthrow the walls of the British Jericho must be blown by other men than leader writers on the London Daily *News*, or treaty makers at Omagh, or by the other self-seekers who pose as Nationalists from the cushioned seats of St. Stephen's.

In the long history of a nation's future there are many possibilities, and glancing down the aisles of seven centuries of troubled years we yet behold the Ireland of today possessed of these "permanent forces," which must eventually prove hardy sappers and pioneers on her pathway to national freedom.

W. J. PURCELL.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

### "OUR JOHNNIE'S" RETURN.

[Song for personal friends, welcoming home ex-Mayor Hopkins.]

Our Johnnie comes marching home again,
Hurrah!
Our Johnnie comes marching home again,
Hurrah!
Our Johnnie comes marching home again,
And will play the deuce with Knights of the pen
Who'll all drink printer's ink
When Johnnie goes gunnin' 'round!

Our Johnnie's throat refused to work,
Hurrah!
His silence made him mad as a Turk
Hurrah!
But his dulcet voice is sound again
And he'll take a whack at the editor men,
Who'll all taste their pots o' paste
When Johnnie goes howlin' 'round.

They said he set the city on fire,
Hurrah!
They said a whole army he did hire,
Hurrah!
An army of heelers from every ward,
From vacant lot and grim church yard,
Those knights of the pen, those editor men,
When Johnnie was far abroad.

Our Johnnie he comes from Buffalo,
Hurrah!
His father lived in the County Mayo,
Hurrah!
The County Mayo and Buffalo
Will join in a universal crow,
And the editor moles will hunt their holes
When Johnnie goes gunnin' 'round.

There's Uncle Joe 'way down in Maine,
Hurrah!
That used to be the State of Blaine,
Hurrah!
There's Uncle Joe and H. H. Ko.
And all the boys on the *Inter-O*,
The *News* and *Post*, too, joined in the roast
While Johnnie was far away!

Where now is Billy Kent?
Hurrah!
Who in the pay rolls found a rent?
Hurrah!
Oh, Billy Kent has gone h— bent,
He's thrown completely off the scent,
In stockyards' drains he'll find new mains
Since Johnnie comes marchin' home.

So, boys, we'll all fill up the bowl,
Hurrah!
For Johnnie, we know, is a jovial soul,
Hurrah!
We'll give him a greeting and give him a lunch,
And fill him right up on whisky punch,
For his fast was long, and I end my song
As Johnnie comes marching in!

### BRITISH FLAGS TORN DOWN.

#### Irishmen Trample on Them at a French Picnic.

[*New York Sun, Sept. 9*].

The Lafayette Guards, a French social and military organization, decided to hold a celebration on Saturday night, Sept. 7, in commemoration of the birth of Lafayette. They hired Lion Park, at Columbus avenue and One Hundred and Ninth street, for the occasion. To make the celebration lively, they invited the members of the Irish-American Volunteers of this city to attend. The Volunteers went, seventy-five strong, under the leadership of Major George E. McQuade.

There was a big crowd at the park when the Irishmen arrived. The dancing pavilion was gayly decorated with all kinds of flags, the colors of the French republic predominating. As a mark of respect to their invited guests, the guards had given a prominent place to the Irish flag. This pleased the Irishmen greatly, and their glee was presently enhanced by the gift of an American flag from the Lafayette Guards. The gift was unexpected, but Maj. McQuade accepted it on behalf of his men, who showed their appreciation by loud cheering.

"Vive la France!" shouted a Frenchman.

"What's the matter with Ireland?" yelled a volunteer.

"She's all right," answered the crowd in chorus.

There was more cheering for both countries. Then some one suggested three cheers for America. They were given with a will several times.

After the excitement attending the presentation of the flag had subsided, dancing began again. Everyone seemed to be loaded with patriotism, and every few minutes the dancers cheered France and Ireland alternately.

The Irish Volunteers were intensely patriotic, and when one of them finally discovered a Union Jack on the east wall of the pavilion, it had the same effect on the guests of the Lafayette Guards as a red rag held in front of a bull.

"Tear down that rag!" half a dozen yelled, as they rushed across the room.

The Frenchmen were disconcerted at first, as they seemed to be heading for the French flag, which was a large one, and partly obscured the English emblem. The Irishmen stopped short when they reached the wall, as they could not reach either flag. The dancers ceased dancing, and, when they learned what was up, they began to cheer.

"Get a ladder," said one of the Volunteers. While they were waiting for the ladder to arrive, an elderly man was lifted on the shoulders of two stockily built men. He managed to grasp the end of the British flag and the crowd cheered and clapped their hands. The band had stopped playing dance music and had started in on "America," forgetting that it was the air of "God Save the Queen."

The elderly man tugged at the flag, which was tacked pretty tight. His face was flushed and he was greatly excited. At last he jerked the flag down and tore it in half. He threw the pieces in different directions. The crowd scrambled on them. They were picked up and torn in many smaller pieces

"There's two others," some one yelled. The crowd looked in the direction indicated. Then there was another rush—a rush that would have put a football team to shame. Men were lifted in the air, and they grasped at the two Union Jacks. All the while there were loud cheers, and when the flags were finally pulled down, they were torn to pieces and afterward trampled on. The Frenchmen and their guests were so badly mixed up, it was had to tell which were the more anxious to wreck the British ensign. They both certainly exerted a good deal of lung power in yelling.

"Down with the British flag!"

After the two centre flags had been torn down it became quieter, because there were no more English flags in sight. When the band again began to play dance music the episode was forgotten.

Maj. George E. McQuade said, after the celebration was over. "I saw those flags hauled down, and to me it was a most enjoyable sight. Considering that this is the birthday of Lafayette, whose French forces contributed so very materially to the victory of Yorktown in the revolution and the routing of the last traces of British domination in this country, no such flags ought to be exhibited here today. It is an absolute insult to the memory of Lafayette and the French who did so much to lead us to victory over the English."

The British flags were apparently on the walls of the pavilion merely as a decoration, and had no national significance.

### GAELIC PROSE.

#### Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Eirghios Fionn agus a mhuintir agus ri na Sorcha agus leanadar an sluagh sin: agus thugadar ár feinneadh agus fear-ógiócn orra agus do rinneadar sceolanga sgaileardha sgeulbhuaidheartha dhiobh, agus ealta imeagiach éad-tualaing; agus ni mó ná lucht sgéil d'innsin do léigeadar as diobh. Do labhair áird-ri Ghréig an uair sin agus is é adubhairt, "cia do rinne an dian-mharbhadh úd ar mo mhuintir?" Adubhairt-sean nach g-cualaidh aon rud de ghoil no de ghaisce fear n-Eireann ar marthain nó ar mórchuimhne ariamh roimhe sin: agus go n-dibeór adh sé sliocht n-Giodhail Ghlais mhic Néill mhic Fheniusa Farsaidh as Eirinn go deo agus go deireadh an domhain. Is ann sin do thóg Fionn agus ri na Sorcha pubail uaine líchrothach ós cómhair chobhlaigh áird-ri Ghréig: is i an phuball i n-a raibh Goll mac Morna agus Oscar mac Oisin puball ba coimhneasa dóibh de shlóghaibh na criche.

Do labhair áird-ri Ghréig an trá sin, agus is é ro ráidh: "Cia do gheabhainn do dhioghail maslaidh agus marbhtha mo mhuintire ar Fionn agus ar righ na Sorcha?" "Do gheabhair mise," ar mac áird-ri Fraine. Ghluaisios roimhe ag tiosól a throm-theaghlaigh agus thug aghaidh ar an b-puball i n-a raibh Fionn agus ri na Sorcha: agus mar do chonnaire Goll mac Mórna sin éirghios i n-a choinne agus i n-a chómhai chlos. "Creud sin do b'áil leat do dheanamh, a Ghuill?" ar Oscar. "Do b'áil liom comhrac an lae andiu do dheanamh ar son Fhinn," ar Goll. "Ná déan," ar Oscar, "óir is i do lámh is mó do fionnadh i g-cathaibh agus i g-comhlannaibh, agus léig dama-se comhrac an lae andiu do dheanamh ar son Fhinn" Thug Goll cead an chomhraic d' Oscar agus thug Oscar agus mac áird-ri Fraine aghaidh ar a chéile an tan sin mar dhá dhreagan ar dháscecht, no mar dhá ruadhbhuinne lasrach leathanmhóir no mar dhá thuinn robhartha rogheur ag dul tar beannaibh carraige,—ba h-i sin téist agus tuaragbháil na deise deighlaoch sin.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

### LITERARY.

#### The "Arena" for September.

The September *Arena* opens with a vivid description of the wordy battle now being waged in the legistures over the agitation for raising the age of consent. The facts are marshalled in order by Helen H. Gardener, the well-known and popular novelist, and deal this month with the arguments, pro and con on the recent legislation in Nebraska, Colorado and Missouri, where the age has been materially raised. Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the number, contributes a striking and valuable article on "The Marvels of Electricity." In his paper called "After Sixty Years," Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena*, touches upon the disillusions of the career of the reformer, and tells of the career of one who in a lifetime of sixty years' service has not lost faith in humanity. James G. Clark, of California. Stinson Jarvis tells "How Evolution Evolves." Henry Wood, the author of "Natural Law in the Business World," and other popular metaphysical works, writes on "Omnipresent Divinity. Prof. Frank Parsons, Law Lecturer of the Boston University, contributes his second study of the "Economy of Municipal Electric Lighting." He shows the enormous saving to the taxpayers and diffusion of public benefit which would result from public ownership of electric lighting. His comparative statistics cannot be refuted. A symposium of clergymen and other writers deals with Prof. George D. Herron and his work. Dr. Herron has created a great stir by his teaching in the west, and he has been bitterly assailed for some of his views of social Christianity. These gentlemen defend his position. They are Rev. J. R. McLean, Rev. W. W. Scudder, Jr., Rev. J. Cummings Smith, Rev. J. E. Scott, Elder M. J. Ferguson, Rev. R. M. Webster and James G. Clark, the poet. The Hon. John Davis writes on the career of Napoleon Bonaparte from the psychological point of view, and condemns him as simply a criminal genius, utterly worthless to humanity. F. W. Cotton discusses the "Labor Exchange," and Rev. Dr. Marion D. Shutter deals with "Progressive Changes in Universalist Thought." The Books of the Day, World of Books and Practical Progress Notes complete an excellent and well-balanced budget of good reading.

#### Napoleon at Thirty-Four.

Bonaparte was now thirty-four. Thus far he had been neither the tool of fate nor the architect of his own fortunes; he was both. In Corsica his immature powers had been thwarted by conditions beyond his control. During the revolution he had caught at every straw which would spare his life and give him a living. Until his marriage he was a soldier of fortune, and fortune made it difficult, either by professional excellence or political scheming, to grasp any of her favors. Accordingly he went without them, suffering, erring, dreaming, philosophizing, observing and gathering the experience which made him mature at the age when most men are still boys. The observer can descry no revolution in his character when fortune began to smile and opportunities began to open. There is the same unscrupulous enterprise, the same determination to seize the chances of the hour, the same ability to make the most of circumstances; but the grist is now wheat and the resultant output is flour.

Every success is made introductory to another and there are no evidences of great scheming, except as similar evidences were observable in the overweening self-confidence of his boyhood at Milleli. Only now his plans unfold, not in the chill blasts of habitual failure, but in the mild breezes of the prospering influences amid which they are formed. It becomes very easy, therefore, to proclaim, as many historians do, the existence of a great life scheme extending forward to the empire and backward to his earliest youth—to declare that with satanic powers the boy had prearranged every detail of his manhood. Of this there is not the slightest proof. All that is clear is the continued use, by a great mind sharpened in the fires of experience, of ever greater opportunities as they arose.

Like all men of commanding ability, he belonged, not to one age, but to all ages. His elemental nature made the time and place and conditions in which he actually lived a means to his end, exactly as another century and another environment would have been. Whatever else he was either before or afterward, he was the personification of France as she was at this time, when he arrived by her desire and connivance at the height of his power. His future, then, is, like the past, the resultant of his own and the national personality interacting one upon the other.—*Prof. Sloane's Life of Napoleon in the September Century.*

#### White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per White Star Line steamship Majestic, sailing from New York Sept. 18: James A. Patten, F. B. Frazier, John Arthur Porter, Mrs. M. S. Tuttle, Margaret E. Avery, Almer Coe, William Owsley, Miss Emma Gilbert, Mrs. John Hughes and child, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cuthbert, Victoria, B. C.; John Ingham, Mrs. W. H. Weed, St. Paul, Minn.


#### Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

#### Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Oconomowoc and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

#### "The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

BARGAINS IN

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LAUGH ALONG!

If the world present a sorrow,
Laugh at it.
Chaff at it.
Is there threat of woe tomorrow?
Chaff at it.
Laugh at it.
The joy will come as surely
If you face the world demurely,
Or the grief will fall as certain
If you strive to rend the curtain,
From the coming day to borrow
All its store of joy or sorrow.
So let the world keep drifting—
Laugh at it,
Chaff at it—
The deeds of mortals sifting.
Chaff at it,
Laugh at it.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## IN SHADY CANYON.

One day when the stage arrived at Big Flats a very handsome, well dressed, athletic looking young man alighted and took the trail for Shady Canyon. Turning the corner of a huge granite column, out of whose perpendicular split center grew a stunted pine, he stopped short and laughed outright at the kittenish antics of a small girl playing alone by the trail. The girl stopped her play and stood before him with hands down and clasped, looking straight into his face, not boldly nor yet bashfully, but with a sort of wonderment of expression. She was a very small creature, and as to age might have been anywhere from 12 to 16. Her hair, which was a peculiar yellow, was cut close to her head.

The young man started slightly when he met the full gaze of the strange, yellow eyes. "Cat eyes" was his first thought. A repelling fascination crept over him as the impression deepened in his mind that there was an indescribable feline expression all over the child. So swiftly do one's thoughts take shape, before he could bring his lips to form a question the ridiculous idea had come and gone that should he turn away from the moveless stars of those curious yellow eyes the small creature would spring upon his shoulders a ferociously wild cat.

"My little girl, can you tell me how far it is to Shady Canyon?"

She bobbed her head over one shoulder, thus indicating both distance and direction. "See it?"

He flushed slightly at the nearness to the town or maybe at the implication conveyed in the tone and the gesture.

"Nobody ever said that to me since he died."

"Said what?"

"'My little girl.'"

"What is your name?"

"It's Cat Eyes since he died.'

The creepy sensation again came over the young man when the child uttered the first thought which had come to him about her eyes. He conquered the feeling and asked her very kindly, "How long has it been since he died?"

"It has been 100 years, I think. Anything in that," nodding to the valise which he carried, "that'd get out?" Assured that there was not, she continued in her quiet, quaint way. "Then I'll carry it up to the house for you, 'cause you called me what he used to."

He let her take it and followed her up the trail just to see how the adventure would end. To him anything that promised a new sensation would surely be followed. He was only 24, but he had been born rich, artistically, intellectually, physiologically and financially, and had been adventurously prodigal with all these gifts. A few steps below the trail one of some boys who were picking gum from a burned pine log said to his companions, purposely loud enough that the girl might hear, "By Jehosephat, it's Cat Eyes a-towing a greenhorn up to Mrs. Squeers'."

She put down the valise and turned upon them in a fury of rage and shame, but they had vanished in a chorus of laughter. The girl could not have told why she was ashamed, but ashamed she was. Cat Eyes belonged to Shady Canyon, but not a child in the village would play with her. They said they were afraid of her cat eyes and that sparks would fly from her yellow hair. One boy declared that he had only given her hair the least little touch, and that she had turned into an angry yellow cat and scratched his face. Some of the people said her mother had been frightened terribly by a cat.

Three years before, on a chilly Sunday afternoon, she had been left crouching on her father's grave. Each kind hearted woman thought of course that some other kind hearted woman would care for her. And so it happened that Mrs. Squeers, returning from a walk in the woods, took the sobbing child to her saloon and gambling resort. The child's father had squandered many a goldpiece in her place, and when the child clung to her in her desolation a feeling of protection sprang up in her heart.

Mrs. Squeers was an educated woman with much graciousness of manner. So she was popular with the men. Cat Eyes, therefore, in spite of her environments, received some advantages of speech and polish from the woman.

Cat Eyes led the young man into Mrs. Squeers' place. Vernon Allinson, which was the young man's name, did not stay, as Cat Eyes had hoped, but went to the little hotel, whose creaking signboard seemed always lamenting a better time. Allinson's stay at Shady Canyon lengthened into months. He took Cat Eyes on long rambles up steep heights where they had to use their hands to help them up. On these long rambles their talks were grave and quiet and on many subjects. She learned much from him and was an eager though unobtrusive listener. One evening she was called into the saloon to recite. She had a marvelous voice, and it amazed the crowd. Barty, a sport, in his enthusiasm attempted to kiss her, when Vernon struck him a blow on the face. There would have been bloodshed had not Mrs. Squeers interfered. Barty swore that he would have revenge. At the same time Allinson peremptorily told Mrs. Squeers to send Cat Eyes out of the place and never have her in the saloon again. Frightened and stupid with amazement, she was sent to her room and never again recited in the saloon. But from that hour she was a self abnegated slave to Allinson and was afraid that Barty would take vengeance upon him.

One crisp, cold morning in the late fall she stood among the fading flowers and yellow leaves in the garden, with an ache of intuition in her heart. She had changed much in a few months—no longer a child, not yet a woman. Presently Allinson called to her, as he had done on other mornings. A dull red, painful to see, darkened her face.

He carried the gripsack which he had brought to the place. Silently, entirely subdued, she walked beside him down the canyon, and though he tried his best he could not get a word from her.

Just beyond the great bowlder where he first met her he said goodby. He made a pretty speech and gave her advice. She only gazed and gazed at him with a helpless, vacant stare, which so irritated him that he dropped her hand and walked away.

"Stupid creature," he said to himself, "I've wasted a summer trying to put a soul into this odd creature." While she in the dead leaves where he had left her standing dropped to the earth, shaking from head to foot with tearless sobs. She bit the dry leaves and scratched her face with her hands, and there in the afternoon of the day Mrs. Squeers found her.

* * * * * * *

It was seven years since Vernon Allinson left the little girl Cat Eyes standing in the mountain path. He had just returned to San Francisco and stood shaking hands with an acquaintance, a young man much younger in years than he and knowledge of years.

"How long have you been in the city?"

"Landed on California soil at 10 this morning."

"Straight from Paris?"

"In a roundabout way, straight from Paris."

"Then you have not seen the Tigress?"

"Nor heard of it. What is it?"

"It? Ha, ha, ha! It's at Maguire's, and it has set the town crazy in three nights."

"A woman, I see," said Vernon indifferently.

"A woman you do not see," said the other, "or you would not speak so indifferently. Oh, Vernon, such a woman! A glittering, dazzling creature, whose acting and face are indescribable and incomparable. You have never seen anything like her, I know."

"Hard hit you are, my boy—very hard hit. You forget that I have dined on the theater beauty of Paris, London and Madrid and had my virtue chilled in the cold of northern loveliness and scorched by the fires of Georgian eyes. Do you think I'll be captivated by an amateur in your primitive metropolis at the Golden Gate?"

"You may laugh at me, but you will not laugh after you have seen her."

"Then, by all the saints, take me to her at once."

They were comfortably seated. A storm of applause announced the appearance of the debutante. "A glittering, dazzling creature, incomparable and indescribable." He caught himself repeating his friend's words, and from that moment his eyes never left her while she was in sight of them. "Tigress! Tigress! Why the Tigress?" he thought, then felt the appropriateness of the title.

Only a tigress with the freedom of the jungle in its limbs could have such a superb grace of movement and perfection of contour. And such eyes, what were they? They were mirrors of topas reflecting the gaslight. And her hair, what a glorious crown it was! He thought it rich amber in the shadows and spun sunshine when the lights fell upon it. And yet it was the impression rather than the appearance that made him repeat again and again, "Tigress, my beautiful Tigress," so quick are we to lay claim to what pleases us.

In the middle of the play he took the diamond pin from his cravat and the boutonniere from his coat, thrust the pin through the flowers and threw the improvised bouquet at her feet. She saw the gleam of light coming and the hand which had thrown it, and flashed her wonderful eyes on his face. He shivered in the fascination of them. She picked up the boutonniere, pinned it carelessly to her breast, then made an interpolation in the part she was playing and sang:

Oh, do you remember the well beaten trail
That led from the camp to the spring?
And the potpies we had from the squir'l and quail,
And the evenings when we used to sing?
The shady old camp is all gone to decay,
The ham bone has dropped from the pin,
The roof and the door have both rotted away,
And the chimney is all tumbled in.

The glorious voice rose untrammeled. The warm rich notes filled and thrilled the place. The words of the old song sung at so many campfires seemed to float and linger over the heads of the people. A large part of the audience were Californians of the old days, and the familiar tune with its memories made many a grizzled face wet with tears.

Vernon did not applaud. She had sung at him and for him. This was the girl he had thought stupid in the mountain path, shaded with pines, seven years ago. Cat Eyes had grown to the subtle grace and charm of the Tigress. He had been blind—so blind. Who had made this change? A fierce jealousy took possession of him. What man had taken up this beautiful creature? Allinson forgot that he had dropped her with a few words of cold advice.

"Take me to the stage to see her," he said to his companion.

"Take you to the moon!" he replied.

"Why not to the stage?"

"Why not to the moon? One is as accessible as the other to you."

"Where does she live?" asked Allinson.

"Who?" asked his friend.

"The Tigress. Who else?"

"Don't know. It is said she does not receive callers, except those on business."

"Well, I'll find out." And he did. The next morning at an early hour he handed his card to the Chinaman who opened the door, with the request to take it to the lady of the house.

"No sabe," said the Chinaman. Vernon pointed to the card, then to his hand, then into the house.

"No sabe."

"Let me brighten your understanding." And he handed him a piece of money. "Heap no sabe," but there was a sly twinkle in the Chinaman's eye. Just then a young woman came to the door and invited him in. With his pulses on fire he waited to see if she would come. Then there was a sliding of folding doors, the heavy curtains were pushed apart, and the Tigress, in all her royal, graceful loveliness, stepped into the room. Vernon rose eagerly to meet her. She held his card in one hand and extended the other and prosaically said, "Mr. Allinson, I'm pleased to meet you."

This cold, beautiful woman, whose name he did not know, had evidently no prior knowledge of him.

"Cat Eyes, it is not fair." These were not the words he intended to say. It was what he called her in Shady Canyon. He said it now with so much of the plaintive and petulent in his tone that Cat Eyes laughed. And such a laugh! Clear as the ring of a silver bell. A musical ripple of merriment. Then she shook hands with him again. The ice was suddenly melted. They sat down facing each other, their knees nearly touching, so close were they. They lived over that summer in Shady Canyon. "And do you remember," he said, "that I made you a wreath of manzanita berries and crowned you queen, you, my little Cat Eyes—Miss— What is your name? Strange that I should have known you so long and not known your real name."

"An evidence that you have been very, very much interested in me."

"Remember I staid three months longer in Shady Canyon because you were there."

"I remember."

"Then pity my embarrassment. You have outgrown Cat Eyes. Your friends call you"—

"The Tigress."

"Tigress be it then. My Tigress, my precious, royal, dangerous, jungle Tigress. My arms shall be your cage." He leaned forward to clasp her in his arms. There was something in the laughter of her shining topas eyes that stopped him.

"There are 49 other cages with the same placard on them all ahead of yours."

"But I love you," he said.

"Same announcement that the other 49 make," as she glanced at him.

"But you loved me a little bit, did you not?"

"Maybe, but that was seven years ago. They say one changes utterly in seven years. And if Cat Eyes loved you it has exhaled and evaporated, and been shorn from her head and clipped from her nails and rubbed off on towels. It is the Tigress now."

"You are cruel. You know I loved you so, seven years ago."

"You must have loved me. How you must have loved me then!"

The yellow topas eyes were laughing, the mouth was still smiling, but the words were cutting and ended in a moan like that of a wounded wild beast. All the days of her joyless childhood were crowded into it. The nails of her hand, which rested on the arm of the sofa, dug into the velvet till her wrist was raised from the cushions and the knuckles of her fingers looked white because of the tenseness of the skin.

He got up and sat down beside her and took her hands. "I love you terribly now. My love is an avalanche broken from every restraint. I love you, Miss Tigress."

"Perhaps Mrs. Tigress. I wonder you are not afraid to hold a tigress' paws. You might get scratched."

"You've scratched my heart into shreds already. But tell me, you do not live here without any protection?"

"No; I have the most protecting of protectors. One who will not go away and leave me."

"Gods, who is he?"

She laughed a happy laugh, peeped around into his eyes and said: "My manager is my protector. I live with my manager."

He flung her hands savagely from him and sprang to his feet. "I would rather have met you face to face in red-hot hell than under such circumstances!" He saw her face blanch to the whiteness of death, then went out.

It was a restless day for him. That evening he went to the theater, but the Tigress did not appear. Something was wrong. He went to the house. All was silent. A great fear seized him. He tried the bell. It did not ring. It was muffled. He opened the door and entered. The parlors were closed. He saw another door. The light was low, and he saw that a woman was very sick and heard the light step of some one leaving the room as he entered the hall. He approached the bedside.

"Cat Eyes," he said piteously.

Two great hollow eyes opened and looked up wonderingly at him. As he bent over the bed he saw that the head on the pillow was gray.

"Mrs. Squeers," he said. A faint smile of recognition lighted her features.

"She told me you were here. I wanted to see you. Sit down. You see I am dying and have no time to waste in words. What do you want with her?"

"I wanted to marry her."

She pressed his hand with her thin, cold, pale fingers. "Wanted is past. Do you want to marry her now? Will you care for her and protect her?"

"But her manager?" said Vernon, a great hope coming into his heart.

"I'm the only manager and protector she has had. She told me all about your abrupt leaving yesterday. I knew you would return. I have guarded her closely the past seven years. All her teachers have been women. I closed my place in Shady Canyon after you left and have traveled and tried to arrest the consumption, but it was no use. I had hoped that we would meet you sooner, because I knew her heart. I'll be able to rest now. Go find her. Her shivering sobs made me die harder. I sent her away."

Vernon's heart gave a great bound of joy as he went intuitively to the place he saw her in the morning. He struck a match and lighted the gas. She lay on the lounge with her face buried in the satin pillow, her hands pressed against her head. He knelt beside her and touched her hair with his lips.

"Forgive me." She started up, her eyes flashing anger and surprise at him. "Forgive me." Still she did not answer. "I have been to her room. She sent me."

"If she sent you," and she laid her hand gently on his forehead. The brightness had gone out of her face, but he thought her all the more beautiful.

"What a fool! Oh, what a fool I was not to know seven years ago that you loved me!" he said.

"And what a fool not to know it now!" There was bitterness—nay, almost contempt—in her voice, but the words were all satisfying. He caught her to his breast and kissed her, and kissed her eyelids and forehead, cold hands and pale cheeks, amber hair and her wrists, and her sleeves, and her tremulous mouth. Her head sank on his shoulder, her beautiful arms clasped round him, and a torrent of tears burst from her eyes, the first she had ever shed.—San Francisco Call.

### An Indian Sweat Bath.

The author of the little volume entitled "In the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains" thus describes an Indian sweat bath, which must be very efficacious, with the exception of the very last stage in the process:

A pool of very cold water is found, either in a spring or brook. A level piece of ground, about five feet in diameter, is then prepared near it, generally on the bank at the edge of the pool. Around the edge of this circular piece of ground, pliable willow sticks are stuck vertically into the earth, from eight inches to a foot apart, with an opening large enough for a man to pass in and out at the side facing the pool.

The tops of these sticks are gathered together, at a point about four feet above the ground. Finally, a small hollow is dug in the ground on the side opposite the door, and the structure is complete.

When an Indian takes a bad cold or becomes sick from almost any cause, a sweat bath is prescribed. A number of stones, as large as a man's head, are heated in a hot fire near the willow arrangement, and several vessels, containing plenty of water, are placed inside. When the stones are almost redhot, several of them are taken from the fire and placed in the small hollow opposite the door.

A blanket is then thrown over the willow frame work, so as to inclose it completely. Then the Indian strips himself and crawls inside. The heat from the stones, together with the steam formed by dashing water on them, soon excites a profuse perspiration. When this stage is reached, the Indian rushes out of the sweat bath and plunges into the pool of cool water, where he remains but a few moments. After this he scrambles out and imagines himself cured.

### Superstitions of Jamaica.

There is a curious superstition that if a death occurs in the house all the water in it is poisoned at once and must be thrown away, the reason given being that "death" cools his "sting" after destroying life in the first water he finds, and as no one can tell—death being invisible—what jar he may choose it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people to save trouble even carry all water out of the house immediately before a death is expected.

A mulatto girl told me of one woman who was brave or curious enough to stoop down over a water jar immediately after a death had occurred. She was rewarded by hearing a curious noise, but although she knew it must be death she dared not look up. She described it as the faint fluttering of a "bat," which it probably was—a "bat" meaning in Jamaica any flying creature that is not a bird. Very possibly it was a huge moth, but if of the kind known as the "black witch" the sight would only have increased the woman's fear, for to have a "black witch" flying about the room is a sign of death. It may be mentioned, by the way, that there is a similar superstition to this last in many parts of France about the "humming bird hawk moth."

It is customary to remove the pillow from dying persons, so that they may die lying quite flat. For what reason the negroes do this I know not, but I am told it is always done by them. I have heard that the same thing is done in some country districts in England under the belief that it makes "dying easier." It probably has assisted to help some unfortunates out of the world in the West Indies, for I have heard that the pillow is in many cases positively snatched away.—National Review.

### When She Would Marry.

This is what a young lady is reported recently to have said apropos of marriage: "Well, no, I don't know if I would marry for money alone, but if a man had plenty of money, allied to a sweet disposition, and a mustache that curled at both ends, and nice blue eyes, and a social position; if he had a distinguished status in a profession, or even as a merchant, and his father was rich and his mother and sisters aristocratic, and he wanted to marry me, and he would promise to let me have my own way in everything, and keep me liberally supplied with money, and have a splendidly furnished town house and a handsome country residence, was liberal about diamonds and other gems, also about the milliner, never grumbling, and I really and truly loved him, I shouldn't consider marriage a drawback."—Frank Harrison's Magazine.

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## NEW YORK CLUBS.

**An Increasing Disposition to Investigate the Qualities of Candidates.**

It is becoming harder rather than easier to get into reputable New York clubs. Nearly every important club has a long waiting list, and there is an increasing disposition to question narrowly the character and reputation of a man seeking admission. A few clubs elect members at a general club meeting. This is a cumbersome method, and most clubs leave the matter in the hands of the board of trustees. The latter often practically delegates its responsibility to a committee on admissions. When the committee does its duty, it parcels out among its members the names of those seeking election and requires them to investigate the reputation of the candidates. The proposer and the seconder are questioned and are asked to give other references, so that the candidate may be further investigated. The good natured habit of seconding the nomination of men with whom the seconder is unacquainted is one of which the admissions committee thoroughly disapproves, and it has been suggested, as a remedy against reckless proposing and seconding, that those who are responsible for a man's presence in a club shall make good his default if he gets into the club's debt and neglects to pay up.

No club fully indicates the prerequisites to membership, because in most cases it is tacitly understood that, whatever the opinions or tastes that are expected of an applicant for election, he must, above all, be that somewhat indefinite thing, a gentleman. If a club is very small, the personal dislike of a single member for a candidate is likely to defeat his election. But in a large club a man is expected to put his personal dislikes aside when the question of admitting others to membership comes up. One of the oddest things in club life is the desire of some men to join clubs with whose declared objects they are at enmity or toward which they are indifferent. Every political association that is also a social club of good standing has some such incongruities.

Some clubs do not inquire so carefully as to the character and qualifications of men seeking admission as nonresidents as in the case of those seeking to come in as resident members. This sometimes results in the final reception into full membership of men that are out of sympathy with the objects of the club. Some men are entirely content to enjoy the immunities of nonresident membership when doing business in New York, a thing that most clubs do not permit. It was discovered not long ago that 50 nonresident members of a large club had offices in New York and should have been paying resident instead of nonresident dues.—New York Sun.

### Rise of the Medical Profession.

During the mediæval times the monasteries, serving as centers of instruction, gave some embodiment to the medical profession, like that which our colleges give. In Italy there later arose institutions for educating physicians, as the medical school of Salerno in 1140. In France before the end of the thirteenth century the surgeons had become incorporated into a distinct college, following in this way the incorporated medical faculty, and while thus integrating themselves they excluded from their class the barbers, who, forbidden to perform operations, were allowed only to dress wounds, etc. In our own country there have been successive consolidations.

The barber surgeons of London were incorporated by Edward IV, and in the fifteenth century the College of Physicians was founded and "received power to grant licenses to practice medicine —a power which had previously been confined to the bishops." Progress in definiteness of integration was shown when in Charles I's time persons were forbidden to exercise surgery in London, and within seven miles, until they had been examined by the company of barbers and surgeons, and also when, by the eighteenth of George II, excluding the barbers, the Royal College of Surgeons was formed. At the same time there have grown up medical schools in various places which prepare students for examination by these incorporated medical bodies, further integrations being implied. Hospitals, too, scattered throughout the kingdom, have become places of clinical instruction, some united to colleges and some not. Another species of integration has been achieved by medical journals, weekly and quarterly, which serve to bring into communication educational institutions, incorporated bodies and the whole profession.—Herbert Spencer in Popular Science Monthly.

### When Marco Polo Was Alarmed.

Regarding the use of bamboo as fuel, the following quaint lines from the book of Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, form an interesting example of travelers' tales in those days when travelers were so few that there was little fear of their meeting with contradiction:

He says: "The people cut the green canes, of which there are vast numbers, and set fire to a heap of them at once. After they have been awhile burning they burst asunder, and this makes such a loud report that you might hear it ten miles off. In fact, any one unused to this noise who should hear it unexpectedly might easily go into a swoon or die of fright. But those who are used to it care nothing about it; hence those who are not used to it stuff their ears well with cotton and wrap up their heads and faces with all the clothes they can muster, and so they get along until they have become used to the sound. I tell you the truth, however, when I say that the first time you hear it nothing can be more alarming."—Chambers' Journal.

### Changed His Location.

"I see Mrs. Allfire has had her late husband's likeness set in a miniature and wears him under her chin."

"H'm! She wore him under her thumb when he was alive."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Aristocrats of Palma.

Before I had been many hours in Palma I discovered that sharp lines of demarkation are drawn between the upper and lower classes of the inhabitants. There still exists a tolerably unadulterated feudalism, a recognizable remnant of the ancient vassalage, with a broad impassable gap between the owner and the tiller of the soil, the senor and the occupier. The pride of family, which used to be carried to a ridiculous point, is in these days but slowly giving place to modern influences and is still hardly inferior to that of MacDermot, prince of Coolavin, who objected to his lowly born wife sitting to eat at the same table with him.

At the present moment there are no fewer than three dozen members of the Spanish peerage who draw their titles from the Balearics. The nine solars or barons who fought with Don Jaime at the siege of Palma founded families that are still flourishing like petty sovereigns as a separate class from the rest of the nobility, and only in rare and recent instances have they taken wives or husbands from beyond their own "set." They regard themselves with far greater veneration than that with which they are looked upon by the classes whom they despise.

They are known commonly as Butifarras, literally a "large sausage"—a term used in a sense corresponding to our slang, "bloated swell." Beneath the ennobled class comes the commercial body, under whom in gradation are the farmers, the farm laborers, who retain certain Arabic characteristics, shopkeepers, artisans and—longo intervallo—the Chuetas, long eared owls, a name of contempt given to the descendants of Jews who are now Christians, but still live apart from the rest of the community in a separate quarter.—Chambers' Journal.

### The Heart and Bicycle Riders.

There is not a cycle rider of any age in whom the heart is not influenced so as to do more work, and although in skilled cyclists and trained cyclists a certain balance is set up which equalizes the motion such riders are not exempt from danger. I have known the beats of the heart to rise from 80 to 200 in the minute, in the first exercise of riding, an increase which, for the time, more than doubles the amount of work done—a very serious fact when we remember that the extreme natural motion of the heart allows it to perform a task equal to raising not less than 122 foot tons in the course of 24 hours—that is to say, over 5 foot tons an hour.

In the young we may apply the same argument to the heart as we have done to the skeleton. The heart is undergoing its development, and it is an organ which cannot without danger be whipped beyond its natural pace. What occurs with it under such circumstances is that it grows larger than it ought to grow; that it works out of harmony with the rest of the body and is then most easily agitated by influences and impressions acting upon it through the mind. I have many times seen this truth illustrated too plainly, and I doubt whether in the young, after extreme exercise, such as that which arises from a prolonged race, the heart ever comes down to its natural beat for a period of less than three days devoted to repose.—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., in North American Review.

### Bequests of Hearts.

Bequests of hearts have been by no means uncommon. Richard Cœur de Lion bequeathed his heart to the canons of Rouen cathedral, and in July, 1838, this remarkable relic was once again brought to light after the lapse of six centuries. The heart, which is said to have been surprisingly large, was inclosed in boxes of lead and silver and withered, as it was described, to the semblance of a faded leaf.

Bruce's heart was by his dying wish intrusted to Douglas to fulfill a vow which he had been unable to execute in person, of visiting the sepulcher of Christ. Douglas, "tender and true," promised to fulfill his sovereign's last request, and after Bruce's death, having received the heart incased in a casket of gold, set forth upon his mission. Proceeding to Spain, however, he fell in the thick of a fight with the Moors, having previous to his final charge cast the heart of Bruce from his breast, when he carried it into the ranks of the infidels, crying, "Onward as thou wert wont; Douglas will follow thee!" Bruce's heart was afterward recovered by Sir Simon Lockhart, by whom it was brought to Scotland and buried along with the bones of Douglas in the abbey of Melrose. When the remains of Bruce were disinterred at Dunferline in 1819, the breastbone was found sawn through so as to permit of the removal of the heart.—Temple Bar.

### The Letter Lock.

The principle of the puzzle or letter lock, an invention dating centuries back, has now been revived and applied by M. Deny, a French inventor, to the construction of a new key adapted to a multitude of locks. The mechanism involved is said to be simple, consisting of a number of ring shaped wards inclosed in a cylinder around the keyhole and adjusted to the wards of the key in any required combination. The mechanism is such that is estimated some 3,000 different locks may be so arranged as to be all unlocked by one master key, while other keys will open only a single one or any desired series of the locks. This is illustrated by the fact that a large school near Paris has at least 250 locks, all being unlocked by the director's key, while a chambermaid's key unlocks only the doors of the professor's chambers, while the key of each professor admits him only to his own room.—New York Sun.

### Pleasant For the Neighbors.

Friend—I should think your daughter's four hours' practice on the piano would drive you crazy.

Hostess—Oh, not at all! She opens all the windows, and most of the sound goes out doors.—New York Weekly.


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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Feldmann. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm S Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 420 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 36 W 15th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 S Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Lanevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 536 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phœnix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitteneil. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauier, 493 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 875 Wells st; R S, A C Lubpe, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rual's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5040 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1000 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schuagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakus ave.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2080 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Lerner's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3201 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, Jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schomaker, 202 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heinrich; T, P Mueller. Meet [illegible]

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Duane, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John Fitzgerald. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassat and Chicago av

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OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$52.50

### GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.

OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

### HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.

OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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### SOLID SILVER WATCH. HUNTING CASE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.

OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

### "THE LIMITED."

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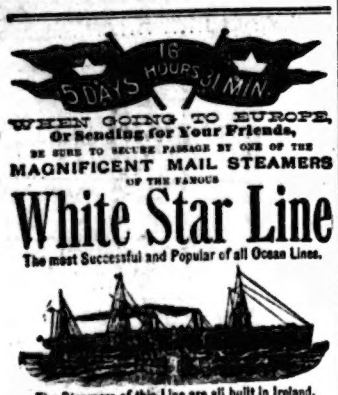


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